BRITISH MUSEUM

JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see Page 197.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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THE

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L. A. NOBLE, *Secretary.*

JOHN BULL.

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Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. V. No. 117. Saturday, August 29th, 1908. One Penny.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

There is much trouble behind the scenes in Government circles. Sir Edward Grey, for instance, is anything but appreciative of the active assistance being rendered him by some of his colleagues. It is all a question between the old school and the new. The Churchill-Lloyd George alliance is frightening the lives out of some of the old stagers—and Mr. Asquith will require all his tact and skill to keep his team in hand.

In another column we deal with the Anglo-German question. We still believe that the King can do more than the Government to solve it. *He* can say to the Kaiser, "Now look here, my boy, we can't permit *any* country to rival our naval supremacy—so just stop your shipbuilding, or *we* must stop it for you. *Prosit.*" What odds His Majesty *didn't* say it?

A traveller in Turkey the other day noticed a venerable patriarch with a long, white beard, a face wrinkled like a rotten medlar, and a gait beside which that of a tortoise were furious and headlong. "Who is that very old man?" he enquired. "Oh!" was the answer, "that is a Young Turk."

We recently paid our excellent contemporary, the *Academy*, a compliment; but instead of being grateful it accuses us of disingenuousness! We said it was to be congratulated on having discovered a poet who rhymed "mother" with "discover." Knowing the great poetical gifts of more than one writer on the *Academy*, we naturally never dreamed of suggesting that the barbarism was editorial. We said "*discovered* a poet." Why be cross with us when we meant so well?

When Mrs. Bull was starting for the Continent last week, we commented on the enormous size of her trunk. She explained that it was only her hat-box and contained no more than one confection.

A burglar of eight, a deserter of fifteen. What Young Turks!

Day by day the *Morning Post* pathetically advertises "a few copies" of Mr. Kipling's "Letters to the Family." But they do not seem to get any fewer.

Here is a delightful instance of unconscious humour from the *Daily Express*. Some mummers are performing in a play called "The Manxman," and they are touring about in the island where the deformed cats come from. Here is the commentary of our contemporary: "It is not often that actors have the opportunity of studying the originals of their parts first hand." If we were unkind, we would point out that the originals of mummers' parts are usually men and women.

Poor Jim Crow must be losing his sight. He came to us the other day with a head-line, which he read out as follows: "CAN A WEALTHY MAN BE WHOLLY BAD?" "What a ridiculous question!" he exclaimed. We looked at the paper and found that the donkey had misread the word "healthy." Jim's version reminds us of the Turkish proverb, "To the rich dog we say 'my lord dog.'"

We are sorry to hear that our friend Father Vaughan has been tumbling off his bicycle. At least we should have been sorry were it not that he professes to find satisfaction in his accident, and we should be the very last to deny him any satisfaction in which he cares to indulge. "Physical pain," he says, "is especially serviceable to a priest. It teaches him patience and sympathy with others." If it really has this effect, we trust that he may tumble about every day. Then,

perhaps, he will be able to display more patience and sympathy in his comments upon the Smart Set.

More bad advertising! From a contemporary :—

On the support of inebriates in homes a sum of £181 1s. was expended, it is stated, by the Middlesex County Council in the quarter that closed on June 30th.

Martell's Brandy is the best liqueur.

There does not appear to be any probability that Mr. Speaker will attract the attention of the policeman on the fence by the undue rapidity of his chauffing if he never travels along the King's highway faster than he does at present. When the House rose for the recess he drove from London in his motor-car to his place in Cumberland, and took a day and a half to do the journey. This is a velocity to which nobody could reasonably take the slightest exception. Of course, Mr. Lowther, who is an expert at the wheel, could have reached Cumberland after the manner of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, of whom it is Scripturally noted that he drove furiously. But Mr. Lowther takes his motoring pleasures like a reasonable and reasoning being, not amid clouds of dust in a transport of delirium. It is pleasant to record that the First Commoner in England sets so excellent an example to his fellow chauffeurs throughout the land.

Over and over again we have made it clear that we are for a big Navy, and an up-to-date Navy, but when we are told that the Government intends to borrow £100,000,000 for a new naval programme we are as little inclined to believe it as that there are green cheeses in the moon or serpents in the sea. The whole proposal in the shape in which it is put forward is absurd on the face of it; being that the Government will borrow this huge sum, and instead of spending it at one tremendous swoop, hoard it up in lump, draw on it as occasion requires, and meanwhile pay out the interest to the tune of some £2,750,000 a year. Even if the whole £100,000,000 were to be at once converted into *Dreadnoughts* and other useful articles of the sort, the chances are that by the time the vessels were ready to be placed in commission they would probably be more or less out-of-date. It did not need Lord Rothschild to laugh away the yarn on behalf of the City. It is as pretty a pendant to the scare-head sensation worked up over the Kaiser-Tweedmouth correspondence as one could wish. We await the *Telegraph's* next funny story.

As our readers will remember, we had a presentiment that the parishioners of All Hallows, Gospel Oak, would lose their beloved parson. It will be remembered that the Rev. Bousfield S. Lombard, having been nominated by the Bishop of London for the chaplaincy of St. Petersburg, announced in his parish magazine that the Bishop awaited the consent of the Russian Court, and that he himself had placed the matter in God's hands. The Russian Court having declared that it has no objections to offer to Mr. Lombard, and the Deity having given no sign to that effect, Mr. Lombard will presently proceed to pack his portmanteau. "When work is placed in one's way unexpectedly," he says, "God's hand is there, and we must always be prepared to follow where He leads us." What still puzzles us, however, is whether it is considered etiquette in spiritual circles to follow for a smaller salary? Curiously, whenever an ordinary person is offered a better job he usually accepts it about as soon as it falls in his way, without talking bunkum; but, as a rule, when a parson has made up his mind to accept a larger salary he gives out that he is praying for light, and then slops over about the Divine call and the inscrutable purposes of the Almighty. It seems time that there was a change in the announcements. For instance: "Beloved,—I am sorry to part with you. But the dear brethren across the way have tempted me with more money, and I am about to fall. If you want to save me you had better go £50 higher. If not, ta, ta!" This would have the virtue of being rather nearer the truth.

Mr. George Pike, of Kingston-on-Thames, renders useful public service in drawing attention to the fact that on entering a saloon bar in Oxford Street, with a trooper of the King's Colonials who was in uniform, the barmaid refused to serve them. He had called for two small ciders. On requesting an explanation of the refusal, the barmaid said, "Your friend has had enough." As a matter of fact, the trooper was practically a teetotaler, and had drunk only two ciders the whole of the evening. Mr. Pike consulted a policeman outside, who admitted the trooper was quite sober. Mr. Pike and his friend then went elsewhere, and "were served in the usual manner." As Mr. Pike says, the barmaid was doubtless acting on instructions not to serve any soldier in uniform, and uttered a slander to disguise an insult. This sort of thing should not be possible; and as it is by no means as rare as it may seem, the Legislature should compel every licensee to serve soldiers in uniform subject to the same conditions as apply to others of His Majesty's subjects, or else we must have a clause in the Licensing Bill expressly barring Tommy from the bar.

The hopeful syndicate which sent out Captain Charles Gardiner to discover Kruger's millions at the bottom of the deep blue sea have not yet touched. The notion was that £450,000 worth of gold bars was sunk in the *Dorothea* off the coast of Zululand, and Gardiner commanded an expedition in the *Alfred Nobel* to gather them in. Unfortunately, the *Dorothea* is buried in sand and surrounded by seaweed as thick as a man's thigh. Likewise the Captain discovered sharks, and other savage denizens of the deep, in great abundance. He therefore didn't worry about Kruger's bullion, and concluded that if anybody else took a fancy to it he would not stand in the way of his getting it; it was, so to speak, free to all. So he started work on a Dutch East Indiaman, wrecked in Saldhana Bay about two centuries ago, and struck a valuable Chinese god and 200 other pieces of deep sea crockery; but as he had to pump out fifty-seven thousand tons of sand before he reached it, the directors of the syndicate got tired, and ordered Captain Gardiner off the goods. However, he has information of a large number of other valuable wrecks, and responsible parties anxious for particulars should communicate with him at once.

To judge by what has appeared in some of the papers in regard to the bloodhound hunt for the murderer of the little girl, Madge Kirby, whose body was found in a sack in an empty dwelling at Liverpool, the bloodhound is an animal which can track down murderers as easily as it eats its dinner. Except in novels, however, it is very much over-rated in the murder-tracking business. We recall that while we were proprietor of the *Sun*, a gentleman who owned some bloodhounds offered our editor the use of them for the purpose of finding the body of Miss Hickman, whose disappearance created so great a sensation a few years ago. As soon as the editor received a reliable clue he was to telegraph it, and the animals were to be put on the scent. But what was really wanted at the time was a bloodhound which could discover a reliable clue for itself. Failing this, it seemed about as little use as a policeman; and consequently the owner was not called on for his dogs. The bloodhound hunt in Liverpool has proved quite useless, but according to the gentleman who held the leash, the indications point among other things to the fact that the murderer "was once rather wealthy, and has since come down in the world, but not too far." Apparently the animals have been whispering in his ear.

They seem to have rather a queer lot of magistrates at Welshpool. An application was made to them for a liquor licence on the occasion of the annual fete of the local friendly societies. Up jumps the Deputy-Chief Constable, protesting that, though the police had nothing to say against the applicant, they objected to the granting of the licence because it was unnecessary, and "the few who drank were always a nuisance to the majority of the people who behaved themselves." The result was that the application was refused. But mark the sequel. A few days afterwards, after a hot agitation in the town, with plentiful criticism of the magistrates and police, the fete secretaries again appealed to the magistrates to grant the licence. The police, having previously intimated that they withdrew their opposition, did not appear, and the application was allowed. Probably the magistrates did the fair and reasonable thing in eating the leek; but what had happened meanwhile to make a licence which was unnecessary on Tuesday, necessary on Friday, and why did the police oppose it on the one day and allow it to go without opposition on the other? Are the Welshpool magistrates and police in training as quick-change artistes?

The Bishops at the Lambeth Conference had a good deal to say in condemnation of the restriction of population, but they did not offer any practical solution of the difficulty of keeping a large family in face of an empty larder. A "League of Fathers and Mothers of Numerous Families"—rather an unwieldy name—has been formed in Paris. In France there are 1,315,000 wedded couples without offspring, and millions with but two and three, and every year the majority of deaths over births grows greater. It is "the land of empty cradles." The new League "wants to make easier the task of living for those whose means are insufficient compared with the burdens imposed by their families, and it will be necessary to obtain laws or modifications of the laws of public administration in favour of large families." The need of such a movement in this country is unquestionable. Here is an opportunity for some public-spirited citizens to distinguish themselves.

Apropos the recent anti-betting crusade in America, the end of which no man at present can see, the eminently sane opinion on the subject held by the King should not be forgotten. It was contained in the only letter the King ever wrote in his own defence, and was addressed to his lifelong friend, Archbishop Benson, in whose life it appeared with the King's sanction. His Majesty wrote:

> "Horse-racing may produce gambling, or it may not, but I have always looked upon it as a manly sport which is popular with Englishmen of all classes; and there is no reason why it should be looked upon as a gambling transaction. Alas! those who gamble will gamble at anything."

The Anti-Gambling League and the Nonconformist conscience may put that in their pipes and smoke it.

Complaints are reaching us of gross impudence and incivility on the part of itinerant vendors on railway platforms. A friend of ours was seeing his wife off by the Continental mail at Charing Cross the other night, when a boy with a tray of fruit pushed himself forward to interrupt final conversations, insisted upon the immediate purchase of unappetising plums and bananas and would not take no for an answer. When requested to go away, he only replied with grimaces and impudent mimicry. This is a species of blackmail which cannot be endured, so our friend commandeered one of the paper bags and found that the hawker did not even belong to the railway refreshment room. He came from S. Joseph and Co., whose addresses are given as "Station Approach, Charing Cross Station, South Eastern Railway; and Covent Garden Market." It would be interesting to know whether Joseph and Co.'s hawkers are allowed upon the platforms without payment, or, in the contrary case, whether the South Eastern Railway Company accepts responsibility for their behaviour.

Another railway grievance. A poor foreigner, coming up from the ungodly Continent, saw a list of hotels in his railway carriage with glorified pictures of their exteriors. Over each of these false presentments was the name of a station, the obvious suggestion being one of propinquity. We got into conversation with the benighted one and asked him where he intended to stay. He replied that, wishing to be near the terminus, he proposed to be guided by a notice which was headed "Victoria Station," and which went on to proclaim the merits of the Howard Hotel (Norfolk Street, Victoria Embankment). We pointed out to him that Norfolk Street was not precisely within a stone's throw of Victoria Station, but he was very hard to convince. "Look," said he in his gibberish, "it ought to be near Victoria Station, for you see it is at Victoria Embankment." It is unkind to take advantage in such a way of the strangers within our gates.

It would not be a bad idea if all the daily papers would suspend publication during the holiday weeks. Some other means could surely be found for disseminating cricket and racing reports. The silly season, of course, is proverbial, but we do not remember ever having come across one quite so silly as the present one in the course of our life—so far at least as it is interpreted by the news items. From a journalistic point of view everybody is away from town except perhaps a stray editor or a starving cat. We sometimes make this remark to one of the more blatant Radicals in order to pull his game leg. He smiles the smile of the scornful, points to a few teeming millions, and says superciliously, "Well, not precisely all." Of course we do not mean that the millions who remain are any less important than the ten thousand odd who go away. What we do mean is that those who remain are not those who make news, however much they may make history. Without history a nation may be very happy, but without news, daily papers are only fit for wrapping up cat's-meat.

One result of the silly season or the hot weather is that the scribes grow less charitable than usual. We were told the other day about five foolish Germans who climbed Swiss mountains without a guide, and, when rescued with great difficulty, produced a reward of five shillings. The newspaper kindly suggested that they evidently valued their lives at no more than a shilling a piece. But young Germans do not usually go about with a superfluity of ready cash, and the fact that they climbed dangerous rocks unchaperoned should have been taken as *prima facie* evidence that necessity compelled them to take their pleasures cheaply. Another day we find Lord Northcliffe deriding a lady who offered 2s. 6d. as a reward to the finder of a purse containing six £5 notes. She expressed great gratitude and explained that she was too poor to offer more. Now why should her statement have cold water poured upon it, particularly when she was lavish with her gratitude? Jim Crow, jumping to conclusions, says he would rather have her gratitude than the contents of her purse. Not having seen the lady, we cannot offer an opinion. But there are a thousand possible reasons why she could not part with even one of the notes. To begin with the poorest argument, they may not have belonged to her. Again, she may have needed them to save her from a life of crime or to help a poor relation, or to invest in brewery

shares. No doubt she would have been in a hole if the purse had not been found, but she was quite entitled to assume the possibility that the finder would be honest. Of course he might have kept the notes, but in doing so he would have earned the money by running the risk of imprisonment.

The *Daily Chronicle* is just now specially busy in trying to stir up feeling against Russia. The much-boomed article by Tolstoi, an old man in his dotage, having proved too ridiculous for its readers, it has now started a pitiful story of some Nihilist—with an unpronounceable name—who has been a few months in prison without trial. As the same paper advocates the reduction of our Indian Army on the grounds of the improved relations now established with Russia, its policy is, indeed, wonderful.

We have been shown the advertisement of an hotel at Girgenti, in Sicily, and beg leave to suggest that it might be usefully imitated in this country. It runs as follows: "The proprietor of the hotel does not fix any price for rooms or meals. Travellers when leaving can go to the office and pay what they think fair in accordance with their judgment and conscience." The proprietor weakens his position as a philanthropist and as a good advertiser by going on to state that this rule is intended to attract custom and will be suspended after the first year. We do not know how the plan is likely to work in Sicily, but we have sufficient faith in the generosity of our countrymen to believe that a British landlord would reap a rich harvest if he put his visitors on their honour in this way. We are not sure whether human nature is quite sufficiently developed for the adoption of the rule in taverns; but, like the street bookmaker, we are open to conviction.

This reminds us of the bill of fare of a City restaurant shown us the other day, containing the perplexing footline, "*Complaints and suggestions welcomed by the proprietor.*"

A kindly correspondent suggests that we should "forego our holidays and right the wrong of almost universal perjury committed in our county courts." His grievance is that, within the last twelve months, it has been his ill-fortune to appear as defendant in two county-court actions. In one of them the plaintiff declared that defendant earned 40s. to 50s. a week, for which, we are told, there was not the slightest justification, and the Judge took no notice of the protest. As we were not present, it is impossible for us to decide whether the Judge was justified in his conclusions as to means. But, of course, a very slight thing, say a red face or any other outward and visible sign of prosperity, will suffice to turn the scales of justice. In the second case, however, our correspondent certainly seems to be entitled to complain. He shall have his own say in his own words: "The plaintiff said (to prejudice the Judge I presume) that when he called for his account I was reading the *Sporting Life* and discussing racing, which was as great an untruth as ever was uttered, yet allowed to pass, though emphatically denied." Perhaps the Judge thought the accusation too trivial to notice, and that was why he passed it. But if he was prejudiced by the discovery that a debtor was interested in sport, we should like to drag him off the bench and send him to the knackers.

We heartily appreciate the kindness and assiduity of the millions of readers who favour us with suggestions for biscuits. Apart from the enrichment of our column, we are afforded an insight into the sense of the humour of the nation. Sometimes the same biscuit will come to us from North, South, East and West, as well as from Timbuctoo and the Balearic Islands. We hope those places are not due South of our office, otherwise 666 just persons will instantly call upon us to eat our own cake. Our printer made a slip in a nought or two the other day, and we have been inundated with gibes about our apparently Birmingham arithmetic. Surely misprint does not call for a biscuit unless it conveys a humorous suggestion. We do not plead this because our printer has been caught tripping. Now, we have been overwhelmed with cuttings about a battleship with the assertion that "nearly 6,000,000 tons of material have been built into her." We really thought that it was only in America that mere exaggeration sufficed to raise a laugh. Sometimes our researches through the masses of our correspondence reward us in an unexpected manner. For instance, the other day some wiseacre took the trouble to buy a penny stamp and write to bid us give ourselves a biscuit for having written "debris" as "débris." We were convinced we were right. But to make assurance doubly sure, we asked a member of the French Academy and satisfied ourselves of our rectitude. We do not mind being corrected when we are in the wrong. It is good for us. But to be corrected by someone even more ignorant than ourselves makes us sympathise with the Prophet Balaam.

A correspondent writes to call our attention to what he calls "an inhuman order issued to the employees of the City and South London (drain) Railway, viz., that the guards must not occupy the seats even though the carriages be empty." We quite agree that a guard might be allowed to sit when a carriage is empty, provided that he remained on the alert, or at any rate did not go to sleep on arriving at a station. But it would be a nuisance to the travelling public if guards followed the example of certain taxi-drivers, who loll about and smoke pipes in their vehicles and pay no attention to persons desirous of hailing them. Of course, we sympathise very much with people who have to work for their living in a state of discomfort such as is involved in standing up for long hours. We should much prefer that a nice armchair and a pipe of tobacco should be provided for them. At the same time, we have to consider the greatest good of the greatest number, who are after all the general public. It would not do at all, for instance, if porters were allowed to occupy all the benches on platforms to the exclusion of old ladies with brown paper parcels. In passing, we venture to offer a mild protest against the general habit of covering up the scanty seats at stations with innumerable articles which might just as well be stacked on the floor. Anyone who does much travelling at holiday time will bear us out.

Different people have different ways of venting their spite, after death. Perhaps the strangest we have heard of recently is that of a solicitor at Bray. He left nothing to his wife, but recommended her to spend the rest of her life in prayer, presumably that he might be relieved of the consequences of his sins. She was to be allowed to choose any convent she liked, and the Mother Superior was to have £1,000 for receiving her. This will should afford a sharp lawyer an opportunity to think of an ingenious way of upsetting it. Perhaps as the testator was a solicitor, his intention was to give the surviving lawyers of his country plenty of work for some time to come. If our advice were asked by the unfortunate lady, we would suggest that she should look out for an accommodating Mother Superior. After all, we suppose any mother is at liberty to christen her house "The Convent," and her superiority would be a matter of opinion.

It is almost amusing to notice the great rejoicings in this country whenever Turkey or Persia or any other Oriental country gives way to democracy. But the

same people who rub their hands and throw up their bonnets would pull very long faces, and utter loud exclamations of horror, and denounce us as traitors of the deepest dye if we so much as whispered a suggestion of Home Rule for India. We see that a man at Madras has been sentenced to five years' transportation for "uttering seditious speeches." This, of course, arouses the utmost satisfaction among "all right-thinking Englishmen," who would be the first to talk about a brutal and barbarous despotism if such a sentence were passed at Uskub or Teheran. What exquisitely consistent people we are, to be sure!

Some more school "howlers": "The abdomen contains the stomach, liver, and the interestings." "Columbus saw two blue-eyed Saxon boys sold as slaves, and he turned away with his heart full of thoughts." "A bay is a piece of land the sea has washed away and made it holler." "Cranmer was Archbishop of Oxford University, and was burnt as a steak." "The Salic Law forbids any man descended from a woman being king." "We have two senses, right and wrong." "Gainsborough painted Mrs. Siddons as the tragic mouse." "An implement of husbandry means a widow." "When Joseph said to his brethren, 'See ye fall not out by the way,' he meant there was no tail-board to the cart." "When the angels came up to the shepherds they sang 'God save our gracious King.'" "Tolstoy was a Passive Resister; his goods was sold rather than be vaccinated." "Charon was a man who fried soles over the sticks." "Simon de Montfort formed the Mad Parliament the same as it is to-day." "The Duke of Marlborough always fought with a fixed determination to win and lose." "Tories objected to Reform Bill because the House of Commons would be filled with Republicans or sinners." "Socrates died from an overdose of wedlock." "The heart is over the ribs in the borax." "Contralto is a low kind of music."

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for issues of June 27, July 11 and 18:—

W. HALL, Malt House Buildings, Bristol Road, Northfield. (No. 107283—June 27th.)
A. G. LAMBERT, 15, Effra Road, Wimbledon. (No. 111065—July 11th.)
WM. A. STRANG, JUNR., 83, West Graham Street, Glasgow. (No. 39436—July 11th.)
BEN. J. WOOD, 122, Beckton Road, Canning Town, E. (No. 64740—July 18th.)
MARK HINCHLIFF, 43, Borrowdale Road, Wavertree, Liverpool. (No. 1[illegible]26—July 18th.)
MATT LONSDALE, 6, Gordon Terrace, Ryhope, Sunderland. (No. 9724—July 18th.)
J. G. SHORT, 13, Azalea Terrace, North Sunderland. (No. 47170—July 18th.)
H. B. WILLIAMSON, 87, Johnston Street, Lawrencekirk, N.B. (No. 37754—July 18th.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of July 25:—

69; 129; 1852; 3856; 4352; 4474; 5108; 12331; 16852; 19369; 22618; 23273; 24052; 25816; 26440; 34331; 43004; 45589; 46030; 51627; 53140; 59017; 59360; 64508; 67789; 68171; 71291; 73088; 75059; 76057; 76309; 76856; 81372; 86298; 91589; 93500; 99414; 99570; 101274; 108989; 112982; 114617; 114909; 119175; 121794; 122662; 126208; 128625; 129957; 130018.

SPECIAL NUMBERS SHOULD BE SCRUTINIZED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED OCTOBER 3rd (PUBLISHED OCTOBER 1st).

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For stating that "Canon Singleton has only had one curate at Melbourne, viz., the large oak chancel screen,"
THE *DERBY MERCURY*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting the wedding of Police Constable Gilbert, of the Rochester City Police Force, under the heading of "The Week's Accidents,"
THE *CHATHAM, ROCHESTER AND GILLINGHAM OBSERVER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "gutta-percha is procured from the sap of the engine-drivers in Germany who have run their locomotives for ten years without accident,"
THE *SHEFFIELD WEEKLY INDEPENDENT*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a "Scotch lady would be glad to receive orders for gentlemen's socks. Also babies. Superior work. Pattern on approval,"
AN ADVERTISER IN THE *LADY*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Vine had completed his hundred runs with his score at seventy," and that "Johnson carried out his bat for ten, the largest score which had been made for Sidhe this season,"
THE *STAFFORDSHIRE SENTINEL,*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For publishing the following paragraph: "For bargains in boots go to J. Gossling and Son, 107, Myddleton Road. These bargains will only last for seven days,"
THE *BOWES PARK WEEKLY NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that on August 1st Herne Bay enjoyed 22·5 hours of sunshine,
THE *SUNDAY TIMES*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For issuing a map showing Paris north of London and Rotterdam north of The Wash,
THE NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting a high jump of 40 ft. 10 ins.
THE *MIDDLESEX INDEPENDENT*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that an octogenarian alderman celebrated his Golden Wedding thirty years ago,
THE *HUDDERSFIELD HERALD*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For describing eight barrels of beer as being "ablaze" on the railway,
THE *BIRMINGHAM DAILY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For speaking at the General Meeting of a Brewery Company of its "liquid assets,"
MR. COSMO BONSOR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For putting up WELCOME *over the door of the police-station at Tetbury on the occasion of a flower show,*
THE POLICE FORCE OF TETBURY
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "as a matter of fact, a good swimmer will, by one good stroke, project her body quite a distance in the water without any movement at all,"
THE *DAILY MIRROR*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising that it may be taken "alone or with a slice of . . . lime juice, milk, etc.,"
THE PROPRIETORS OF PERRIER WATER,
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

SHOULD WE ISOLATE GERMANY?

SOME FALLACIES EXPOSED.

In his interview with the correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, Mr. Lloyd George protested with much warmth against the belief common in Germany that England is seeking to isolate her. "You cannot do enough and write enough," he told the correspondent, "to sweep that silly suspicion out of the world. It is sheer folly to imagine that we are working, or have ever worked, to isolate, or, as the phrase goes, 'to hem in Germany.'" And according to one report of the interview an attempt to isolate Germany, would, in Mr. Lloyd George's opinion, be "base." The isolation of Germany is an impossibility whilst the Triple Alliance is in effective being. But why should it be "sheer folly" to work for it, or desire it? Was it "sheer folly" when the Great Powers sought to isolate France under Napoleon Buonaparte? Was it "sheer folly" when Bismarck sought to isolate France in the seventies and eighties? Is not it the traditional policy of England to work for the isolation of any State that is seeking, or is supposed to be seeking, to upset the Balance of Power? To-day Germany is that Power, and England, menaced by Germany, seeks to neutralise her preponderating strength by a re-arrangement of European relations. In that she may or may not be successful, but English statesmen would be neglectful of their first duty to England if they did not make the attempt.

Then we are told, day by day, by politicians and newspapers, that Germany has an unquestioned right to increase her fleet to any strength that may please her, or her men and money permit, and that other countries have no right to resent it—at any rate, to protest against it. Will that contention bear examination? Suppose France masses half a dozen army corps on the German Frontier. In a sense she is within her right in doing so. Her troops are on her own territory. Nevertheless such a disposition of her troops would mean a German demand for explanations, and a German ultimatum if those explanations were not satisfactory. What is the difference between massing troops and massing ships? Just as the massing of fresh troops on the German frontier might, and would, be read by Germany as a menace, and a *casus belli*, so the creation of a great fleet by Germany may, and must be, read by England as directed against her. In the one case the Law of Nations would justify a declaration of war by the menaced Power. Why not in the other?

We come to the limitation of armaments. We in this country want an agreement which would leave things as they are. "Why should it not be possible," asks Mr. Lloyd George, "to reach such an arrangement with Germany when England has concluded similar undertakings with France, Russia, and the United States?" Really this question is of the school-boy order. The arrangements with France, Russia, and the United States include no undertaking to limit armaments. If that had been a condition precedent the arrangements would never have been made. Our undertaking with Germany, says Mr. Lloyd George, should be for "limiting the future building of ships. The two States must strike an agreement that they will not outbid each other in shipbuilding, that they will not outstrip each other." Mr. Lloyd George thinks such an undertaking quite possible. To us this opinion indicates a radically faulty conception of the position. Commenting upon it the *Hamburger Nachrichten* says, "We decline to consider such proposals, which are absolutely unacceptable from the German point of view." All available evidence goes to show that in this curt announcement we have the view of an immense majority of the German people. And this view, from the German standpoint, has much to commend it. To Mr. Lloyd George, as indeed to others, it is deplorable that we spend £60,000,000 upon the Army and Navy which, without an Army and Navy, "could be devoted to the purposes of popular welfare." Mr. Lloyd George thinks this expenditure is as little to the liking of the Germans as to ourselves, and that it might be rendered unnecessary by an agreement between the two countries. He does not see, or will not confess, that it would be a one-sided agreement. It would stereotype the present overwhelming naval superiority of England. It would be a voluntary imitation of the undertaking imposed upon Prussia after Jena in respect to her army. The Prussian army was not to exceed certain figures; the German navy must not exceed a certain proportionate strength. Even if the arrangement were conceivable it would be evaded as the Napoleonic limitation was evaded. It would be impossible to ensure its fulfilment even if the present strength of the two navies were equal. As it is, to agree to it would be for Germany to forego a policy to which she is passionately pledged. The dream of a great German navy is not one of yesterday. It has been vivid in the brains of Germans for generations. "He who has no share on the seas," wrote List sixty years ago, "is shut out from the good things, and the honours of this world. He is a stepson of God." Paul de Lagarde, and other German writers, elaborated the theme, and to-day it is the national creed.

Naturally enough the German determination to have a great fleet, second to none, is distasteful to us. We cannot view with equanimity the attempts of another Power to wrest from us the supremacy of the seas, and we do not intend to allow it—if we can help it. Most Englishmen take it for granted that we *can* help it, and that once we make it known to the Germans, beyond the possibility of doubt, that we intend to maintain a navy twice as large as theirs, they will abandon the attempt to get abreast of us. We do not believe it. They will not abandon it until they are satisfied that the rivalry is hopeless, and why should they be convinced of that? They cannot, say our people, maintain a great navy as well as a great army. Why not? Their army does not cost them as much as ours costs us, Why should it be impossible for them to keep up a navy of equal strength? They have a population of 66 millions against our 44 millions, and it is growing much more rapidly than ours; their economic development is marvellous; they are more lightly taxed than we are; to say the least they are as patriotic. Make it as clear as anything can make it that we intend to maintain the two-Power standard, and they will answer that we cannot do it. Can we? It is extremely doubtful, and nothing will persuade the Germans that we can. And so there can be no agreement on this matter between the two nations. It is not necessary to assume that the Germans want to invade England, but they want to be able to protect their sea borne trade, and their colonies, and they cannot do that whilst the English fleet is double the strength of their own. It must not be forgotten—it is a vital factor in the situation—that every year Germany becomes more dependent upon the sea. Let us then look facts squarely in the face, as the King has done. His Majesty is not living in a Fool's Paradise. He knows better than most men the mind of Germany on this matter. He does not share the amiable illusions that blind our ministers, and by prescient undertakings with other Powers he seeks to guard against the danger he perceives.

THE BILLERICAY BUMBLES.

No Use Riding the High Horse.

It is all very well for the Billericay (Essex) Guardians to rise in indignant protest against the Local Government Board's strong censure of the "gross abuses and grave irregularities" which have been going on under their noses for years. It is not suggested that any of them have put the cash of the ratepayers in their pockets. What is censured is their sloppy way of conducting business as public servants. For instance, if the books are to be credited, drapery goods are "officers' rations," while the difference between the master's books and the stores in hand amount to some hundreds of pounds. In many cases, more stock is in hand than is shown by the books, which for months together are not ready for the stocktaker. One of the members, Mr. Crowe, J.P., protested that anybody reading the Local Government Board's letter would say: "Oh, yes, there you are again; West Ham, Mile End and Billericay—a nice lot." But the Guardians need not trouble about what people say in that respect. What they have to do is to put their house in order, and put it in order quickly. The mess into which they have got their accounts is as instructive of their neglect or incapacity as the conduct of the Mile End Guardians was instructive of criminality. It affords openings for all sorts of abuses, and creates all sorts of temptations to peculation for their officers. We hope Mr. Burns will pull up with a strong hand the administrators of our poor-law system whenever and wherever he finds them so gravely neglectful of their public duty as at Billericay. The evil of mess and muddle, and waste among Boards of Guardians has continued long enough, and only by keeping them to the straightest way will it be stopped.

"CANADIAN EMIGRANTS, BEWARE!"

A REPLY FROM THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT.

We have received the following communication:—

INTERIOR DEPARTMENT OF THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA (EMIGRATION BRANCH).

17th August, 1908.

SIR,—My attention has been called to an anonymous article in your issue of the 15th instant, entitled "Canadian Emigrants, Beware! A Timely Warning from a Canadian Reader."

In the first place, let me say that the locality where your correspondent lives must be a very small speck on the map of the Dominion of Canada, and he is probably not justified in embracing within the scope of his ungenerous remarks an alleged warning to all emigrants for that part of the Empire.

In his first sentence he warns emigrants not to go unless they have friends or positions to go to. In this he is unwittingly justifying the course of the Canadian Government, which for years past has advised emigrants unless going to work on farms, not to leave the Old Country unless they have friends or positions to go to.

Secondly, he says, that owing to the failure of crops last year, money is tight, work scarce, and wages at the lowest. There was only a partial failure of crop, and as much money was realised by the farmers as any previous year. By the near proximity of the United States (wherein the financial panic assumed such proportions), Canada was necessarily affected seriously by tightness of money. Importations into Canada from the States are larger in value than importations from the Old Country; the consequent and immediate effect of the United States depression was obvious with their near neighbourhood. Tightness of money naturally reduced the output of industrial enterprises, and doubtless in some cases wages were reduced; but this situation did not deserve any special comment, as it appears to have been the general situation over a large portion of the world; and your correspondent knows, or ought to know, that when he says wages are at the lowest, his statement is not anywhere near agreeing with the facts. He states, there are thousands of unemployed in Winnipeg at the present day. This is not true unless they are loafers who will not work at anything. The Canadian Northern Railway Company have had on their office windows for some weeks past a notice that "no one need be out of employment," as they could send a thousand men at that time to work on the railway, if they were willing to go; and it is well known that Western Canada has within the last two or three weeks been asking for 35,000 additional men to work in the harvest fields, and for threshing, during the next two or three months; and you can take my word, after living in Winnipeg twenty-six years, and that until quite recently, that there are no unemployed in Winnipeg unless those who refuse to work on farms or railways, and seek employment with the earnest prayer that it may not be found.

Being English born myself, I would perhaps lean in favour of your correspondent's statement, that Englishmen are hated like poison out there. This is a very foolish statement, however, because, added to his subsequent remarks, it becomes quite clear, that if every Englishman was like your correspondent there would not be the slightest doubt that he would be hated anywhere, and when he ends up his statement that he has heard many Canadians say that it will not be very long before the States and Canada are one, that becomes the final touch that takes out of the realms of belief the statements he makes in your valued columns. Your correspondent appears to be living in some remote speck on the map, and assumes that he is acquainted with the situation throughout Canada and elsewhere. I challenge him to produce any editorial writer in Canada who would for a moment substantiate his statements, and in thanking you for the space which you may accord for this official statement, allow me to state that at no time is Canada unable to find work for willing and able persons on her farms at fair wages, besides board and lodging, and this is what Canada has always asked for, and those who seek anything else do not better their position any more than those moving from one town to another in the Old Land.

In conclusion, might I ask your correspondent the following question:—"Supposing there were a thousand like you and held the same opinions, what do you suppose is the opinion of the other 274,000 that went to Canada in 1907?"—Your obedient servant,

J. OBED SMITH,
Assistant Superintendent of Emigration.

THE "SPIRIT PHOTO" FAKE.

WAITING FOR THE ARCHDEACON TO NAME THE DAY.

Our readers will remember that in our last issue we published the following letter, which had just come to hand from Archdeacon Colley:—

Stockton Rectory, Rugby.

Archdeacon Colley being from home yesterday casually heard of a challenge made by the Editor of JOHN BULL in respect of Spirit Photography, and, returning, looked to have found awaiting him a communication that courtesy might have elicited from the Editor on the matter.

Failing still to have received such expected letter, and not yet knowing the nature of the challenge, Archdeacon Colley instructs his solicitor to accept it for him if in the interest of truth, and not merely to increase the circulation of JOHN BULL, such challenge is fairly made, no further reflection being cast on the honour of a clergyman that with "no hesitation whatever" discourteously led the Editor, July 25th, to allow in publication a personal application of the impertinent words "fee and fake and fraud," which, of course, Archdeacon Colley could notice only by action at law.

Saturday, August 15th, 1908.

We had no time then to deal further with the matter, but we immediately sent the following reply:—

August 17th, 1908.

The Ven. Archdeacon Colley,
Stockton Rectory, Warwickshire.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter, and much regret that the marked copy of the issue containing our challenge has apparently not reached you. I desire to repeat it is that we should hand the sum of £1,000 to King Edward's Hospital Fund, if you will, in the presence of our photographic expert, who is, of course, to be at liberty to examine your camera and plates and to accompany you into the dark room, produce a spirit photograph of any kind.

I hope you will not qualify your acceptance of this challenge by any speculation as to whether its acceptance will further the cause of truth more than the circulation of JOHN BULL—especially as any benefit to be derived from the latter contingency is fully discounted by the substantial forfeit we are prepared to pay in the event of your success. Nor do I appreciate the necessity for the intervention of your solicitor, although I have no objection whatever to his settling the terms of the challenge on your behalf.

When will it be convenient to you to bring your camera, and where would you like the experiment to be made? Any day this week and any place in the United Kingdom will be convenient to me.—Yours faithfully,

THE EDITOR.

Up to the time of going to press, the worthy Archdeacon has not come up to the scratch.

TRADE NOTE.

ANTINEURASTHIN.—We have just had submitted to us some testimonials from satisfied customers of the Antineurasthin Company, and from the tone of them it would appear that this discovery is all that is claimed for it. Neurasthenia is undoubtedly prevalent to an unprecedented degree, more especially among men engaged in the strenuous life of present-day city competition. It is claimed for Antineurasthin that it is a nerve food, that it provides nutrition and rest for the overworked brain. A few excerpts from recent testimonials make interesting reading. One writer from Twickenham Road states—and we have the actual testimonials before us: "I am almost wild with delight in my marvellous change; please send another box." Another from High Park Street, Liverpool, states: "It is now about six months since I started taking Antineurasthin for nervous debility, and at once I noticed an improvement in my health. There is now every sign of my regaining *perfect* health." Another from Banbury states: "I am giving one of my sons—a solicitor—Antineurasthin with most beneficial effects. He has now almost entirely lost the restlessness which was such a painful feature in his case."

SLEEP.

By Jim Crow.

[*We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.*]

I wonder how many people realise the terrible waste of time involved in the pernicious habit of sleep. Take the case of the man who attains three score years, and consider how many of them have been spent in an unconscious condition. Allowing for the years of infancy, after-dinner naps, and attendance at sermons, we shall probably find that at least twenty years, the equivalent of a generation, has been absolutely, I will not say recklessly, but idiotically thrown away.

There is an old adage about sleep, apportioning six hours to a man, seven to a woman, and eight to a Socialist. I use the word pig in that form because it is one of the main planks of the Socialist sty to require eight hours of sleep, eight hours of drink, and eight bob a day. Most people, I know, are fools, but I was not aware that many of them belonged to the farmyard family. However, the arrangement indicated by the adage belongs to the good old times, when men still went out hunting, and drank port, and expressed their feelings roundly. At the present day I am prepared to eat my hymn-book if the large majority of the population indulges in one less wink than eight hours out of the twenty-four.

Hang statistics! If I were unscrupulous enough to employ them *à la* Birmingham, I could probably prove that we were always asleep. However, I am content to assert that the average human being spends fully one third of his life in the foul, hideous, sluggish, and grotesque debauchery of sleep.

Think of the waste of energy. We talk of the human machine. What a rotten machine it must be if it has to be shut off for so large a proportion of its existence. I wish someone would teach me to go into a trance whenever I liked, provided always, as shady solicitors say, that no detriment, injury, detraction, delaceration, scath, inquination, or other injury were done to my mental and bodily vigour. I should like to be able to curl myself up into a ball like a hedgehog, and know nothing at all about evil times. What a deep slumber I would have enjoyed all through the Balfourian period! The seven sleepers of Ephesus would have been wide awake compared to me. Perhaps I would have spent all my life until now, when everything seems for the best in the best of all possible worlds. But then I should have missed many pleasures, many excitements, many delightful indiscretions.

After all, why sleep at all? If the quacks who call themselves medical and scientific men had a particle of ingenuity among them, they would already have devised some plan to save humanity from the curse of sleep.

I have already suggested in a previous sermon that there ought to be a pellet which would give us the refreshment without the helplessness and hopeless degradation of sleep. If the quacks cannot invent that, let them at least direct their feeble energies to enable us to sleep by compartments. Few of us need to use the whole body at once. Sometimes we are using our legs, sometimes our arms, sometimes our tongues, sometimes our lips, sometimes our eyes—I need not go through the whole system of anatomy. I suggest that, while I am running (not that I ever do run), my tongue and my arms should be sent to sleep; while I am kissing, my legs might take a much-needed repose; while I am talking to you, O ye of little faith and smaller understanding, there would be every excuse for allowing my brains to hibernate. This would involve a simple system of co-operation and division of labour, productive of enormous results. Seeing how many great things I contrive to accomplish as it is, the world would indeed be a gracious and comfortable place if I were enabled to labour on its behalf unceasingly. Mortal mind may well stagger before the vision of what would happen if I neither slumbered nor slept.

As you know, I have never had a very exalted opinion of poets. We do not often meet them in this country, but the general impression of them suggests a class which neglects washing and brushing. People who want to pay them compliments call them dreamers. Filthy dreamers would be even better. Well, those are the only ones of God's creatures who are found to drivel about sweet, gentle sleep, and similar fustian. Sweet sleep indeed! Have you ever come into a man's room in the morning, after he has given himself over to the embraces of Morpheus all through the night? Unless he has had all the windows wide open, and employed the services of a punkahwallah unremittingly, the sweetness of his sleep may be translated in terms of carbonic acid gas. Gentle sleep! Have you ever occupied a cabin next door to a man with the nightmare, or slept in the next room to a person in love, or possessed with some other kind of bad conscience?

And what a hideous thing is sleep. No wonder there is a standing offer of a pair of white gloves to anybody bold enough to kiss a sleeper. For my part, I should prefer to apply my lips to one of his cold namesakes on a railway line. Is it to be imagined that, if the condition of somnolence were not intrinsecally repulsive, is it conceivable that the Sleeping Beauty would have been allowed to remain undisturbed during all those long years? Any well-brought-up person who has acquired the bad habit of sleeping after lunch or dinner, has at least the manners to cover up his face with a newspaper. Otherwise, it is open to anyone to behold a gasping, yawning, slobbering mouth, a swollen tongue, dilated nostrils, and bunged-up eyes. If I were a young lady, and saw the man I was engaged to marry sleeping in his armchair, I feel sure I should get me to a nunnery without delay. Most habits are explained by simple facts. For instance, only people with very beautiful teeth indulge in broad grins, at any rate, when facing the photographer. Similarly, the inelegance of the sleeping condition accounts for the fact that married people blow out the candle.

Unfortunately, even the best of us are compelled by a maleficent nature to submit ourselves periodically to the degradation of sleep. But why is a very deep sleep described as the sleep of the just? Just people, desiring to do their best for themselves and the world, would surely indulge in none but the lightest form. I contend that sleep is a sin. What said the wise king?:—"How long wilt thou sleep, oh sluggard? When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man." That, according to Solomon, is one of the many fatal consequences of sleep. So is poverty. The habit is fatal to success in business. When we talk of a sleeping partner, we talk of a drone and a ready-made victim. Dormant claims are those which will never be enforced. Even dormant bank-balances may almost be regarded as dead. The very dictionary condemns sleep, describing the verb as "to live thoughtlessly; to be dead; to be inattentive, not vigilant; to be unnoticed." And a sleeper is abruptly dismissed as "a lazy, inactive drone; a fish."

We spend all our lives and energies in an incessant struggle to avoid death, but how few of us have ever made the faintest effort towards emancipation from sleep, which is the twin brother, little sister, or first cousin once removed of our great Enemy. Good-night!

Hennessy please

THE SLEEPING BOOTY; OR, THE DORMANT BANK BALANCE.

There was once a little Balance lying in a little Bank,
In the depths of a strong-room gloomy,
Where the webs were very cobby, and the walls were rather dank,
And the atmosphere was tomby.
For many generations she had slumbered there, I wis,
Like the famous Sleeping Beauty,
Awaiting some Prince Charming to rouse her with a kiss,
As a sort of public duty.

This pretty little Balance was guarded day and night
By warders avaricious,
Who swore the Sleeping Booty never more should see the light—
But the Public was suspicious.
And when Prince Charming Bottomley, with Legislative key,
To the tomb-like vault descended,
He dished the greedy warders, and he set the Booty free.
And so my tale is ended.

Walter Moore.

CAN YOU DO WITH A GUINEA?

If so, what is your Number?

See page 197.

THE HOME WELL FURNISHED.

Notable Departure by West End Firm.

In North London there lives a man who has great reason to be thankful that a high-class furniture firm have extended their ramifications so that it has become possible to obtain really high-class furniture on easy terms. A week or two ago a young man employed by a large firm in the City was visited by his principal on a matter of urgency in connection with his business duties. The principal, finding that his employee's home surroundings were of such a high order, naturally concluded that here was a man of superior tastes and habits, with the result that before many days he was gratified to be informed that a vacancy to which he had aspired in the office, having been rendered vacant by the retirement of an older official, was at his disposal. This shows the value of a home *well* furnished.

To obtain a stake in the country to-day, to secure interest among one's neighbours, to be somebody in some sphere of life, a man—or woman, for that matter—must be prepared to show a solid backing. Personal merit counts for much, but we must surround ourselves with some visible indication that not only can we take, but give—and this is exactly where the value of "the home" comes in.

Many readers of JOHN BULL have an entirely erroneous idea of the hire system as applied to furniture. Previous to the institution of this system by Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander, an idea was prevalent that only very inferior furniture could be sold on this plan. Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander, however, are able to disabuse the mind on this point for ever. Customers are invited to visit their premises in Tottenham Court Road and choose whatever furniture they may desire, without ever mentioning whether the transaction is to be a cash or credit one. By this means customers get the advantage of cash prices with just this difference: an extra charge of 5 per cent. is made on all goods purchased on their deferred payment system, but this charge must not be confused with 5 per cent. per annum. It simply means that for every £100 worth of goods purchased a total amount of £105 is asked, although the deferred payments may be prolonged for some years.

Surely here is an opportunity that has hitherto been denied the average man of moderate means. Everyone can, according to the elaborate arrangements made by Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander, purchase the very best and most exquisite examples of high-class furniture made, on easy terms.

AN INVITATION TO "JOHN BULL" READERS.

Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander desire it to be widely known among JOHN BULL readers that they will gladly welcome a visit at their commodious premises in 252-256, Tottenham Court Road. There will be no badgering or undue pushing of sales. The visitor will be respectfully shown over the sumptuous sale rooms, and all information on house furnishing will be given by experts who are always in attendance at their head showrooms. Much interesting and valuable information and suggestion may be gathered from such a visit. In fact, to country visitors especially, Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander's premises have become one of the "sights" of London.

It must not be imagined, however, that it is actually necessary to pay a visit in person. Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander have a splendid organisation throughout the country. If you cannot possibly visit the Tottenham Court Road showrooms, simply send a postcard requesting a representative to call, and within a matter of hours one of their furniture experts will have pleasure in waiting on the enquirer.

THERE IS ALSO THEIR FREE BOOK.

A really interesting booklet and catalogue is issued by Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander, and will be mailed free on application. Readers of JOHN BULL are requested to write for these to-day. It must be added that this book is more than a catalogue. In its pages are to be found much interesting and instructive information on furnishing, and to everyone interested in the *house beautiful* it will be certain to appeal.

It must be understood that although the firm have inaugurated this special system of deferred payments, the bulk of their business will be carried on as formerly. A great number of Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander's clients are those to whom payment is a secondary consideration provided they secure "the best that is obtainable."

It is hardly necessary in an article in JOHN BULL to point out the superior nature of the goods offered by Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander. Their name has been world-wide for many years, and the high standard that has always characterised this firm is applied as rigidly to-day as it was twenty years ago.

Every JOHN BULL reader should fill in attached form and forward to Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander without delay:—

APPLICATION FORM.
"JOHN BULL" READERS ONLY.

MESSRS. WOLFE AND HOLLANDER,
252-256, Tottenham Court Road,
London, W.C.

Please forward your illustrated catalogue and booklet FREE.

Full Name .....

Address .....

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AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Happy Fanny Fields and Mr. George Edwardes.

If we may believe the amusement gossipers, our theatre and music-hall managers are always making new "discoveries." Few of these discoveries, however, can strike the unbiassed observer as worth the making. We are invited to wonder at this most marvellous novelty in dancing; and we find a partially nude girl indulging in movements that remind us of a board-school child playing hop-scotch. Or we are warned not to allow ourselves to be overcome with undue admiration when we gaze upon and listen to the latest thing in tenors; and we are confronted by a globular Italian with immoral manners and a horrid voice. Or the beauty and audacity of the last word in American comediennes is boomed in a hundred paragraphs; and there thrusts herself against the footlights a bundle of assorted lingerie and wild legs and accent that in the phrase of her own glorious country we have no use for. Among the thousand discoveries that I have been called upon to bear witness for during the past ten years at London theatres and music-halls not twenty were worth while, and only half that number have delighted me genuinely.

How I Discovered Her.

Happy Fanny Fields was of these elect few. I had seen the usual news notices, and had been struck by the cleverness of the man—I am sure it was a man—who invented the stage-name of the Dutch (or Deutscher) Girl whom it was supposed to represent; for it was a very stroke of genius. Then one evening I wandered into a variety hall (I think it was the Tivoli), and I saw that rare creature, an entertainer who is not merely entertaining, but, apparently, enjoys making other people enjoy themselves. She was clad in clean fresh-looking white apron and high-coloured short frock, with pretty petticoats and stockings and wooden shoon; and she was saying some nonsense about many a true word being spoken from the chest, and rollicking backwards and forwards with laughter at her own funniness. I glanced over to the number of the turn, and then at my programme; and I bethought me once again how bright was the Yankee showman who labelled her "*Happy* Fanny Fields"! Since then, Fanny has gone chortling round the world, and the world has found her exuberant geniality infectious, and has laughed with her and forgot its sorrows in so doing. But Happy Fanny Fields has remained on the music-halls, whilst musical-comedy managers have bewailed the lack of smart and amusing ladies to fill their casts. And now comes Mr. George Edwardes and discovers the talent of Miss Field for other things besides radiant laughter and quaint physical swerves.

"The Girls of Gottenberg" Again.

Mr. George Edwardes' discoveries are always real discoveries; always bold and unexpected, and invariably successful. Look back over the playbills of the Gaiety since George assumed its management, and then cast your eye down the advertisement columns of the daily papers in the theatrical season, and you will realise in part at least how many of London's star actors and actresses (not alone in musical plays) got their first big show under the Edwardes banner. Miss Gertie Millar was one of Mr. Edwardes's daintiest discoveries; and to-day there is no more charming woman on the international stage. Her Mitzi in "The Girls of Gottenberg" was perfection; and had she been available, no doubt Mr. Edwardes would have sent her with Mr. Edmund Payne and the rest of his capital company on tour after the brief preliminary season at the Adelphi. But Miss Millar is in America; and so Miss Fields is going on the road instead. The provinces will like her in a play as well as, or better than, they have liked her as a variety artist; and they will welcome the admirable all-round cast of which she forms part. Nowadays, the country playgoer has very little during nine-tenths of the year for which to thank the theatrical fates; but as ever he can still always go to see a Gaiety company with the assurance of a first-rate entertainment.

The Wretched Provinces.

George Edwardes is as young as ever in spirit—sometimes—and he is not old in years; but he is too well-to-do and too busy, and, perhaps, he imagines himself not juvenile and innocent enough to take in hand the complete reorganisation of the provincial theatre outside some three or four of the large towns. If these things were otherwise we might very well urge it upon him, as a pious duty, to federate with two or three other London and leading country managers to form a theatrical circuit, and to supply it with reasonably good material during six or eight months of the twelve. Until some such scheme is formulated, the theatrical doldrums will remain; and the variety hall—Trustified or not—will go on in its all-conquering way. The few Edwardes's companies that go into the country are excellent, but there ought to be more of them; and when Mr. Oswald Stoll and his allies have fixed the salaries of the music-hall stars at £10 per week, and the stars have retired from business rather than accept this paltry remuneration the tide may turn once more from the country music-hall in favour of the theatre—especially if the theatre gives good fare at cheap prices, with the liberty to smoke thrown in.

Earl's Court—Next Year.

A few weeks ago I mentioned that next year's show at Earl's Court probably will be an Anglo-American or United States Exhibition. On the authority of American reports, I added that besides the usual produce and industries sections that make up such exhibitions, there would be a sort of Coney Island amusement section—an exhibition of American "startlers" within the larger Anglo-American Exhibition—controlled by a group of American and English capitalists organised under the title of "European Amusements Parks." Mr. Herman Hart tells me that this is not so; that the London Exhibitions, Limited, has had no negotiations with the European Amusements Parks or its individual members. I gladly make the correction, and ask my Yankee confrères to do the same. No doubt, the American papers were misled by the almost simultaneous announcement of Mr. Hart's sailing from America, where he is said to have been to arrange matters for next year at Earl's Court, and the flotation of the European Amusement Parks; and the associated schemes of the latter with the former—Mr. Frank Bostock, of Earl's Court Jungle fame, being one of the alleged promoters of the Park company, and Mr. J. Henry Iles, of the Scenic railway, and Mr. McGarvie, of the Johnstown Food, both now at the White City, being two others. I understand that the official assurance of Mr. Hart means that the London Exhibitions, Limited, will retain absolute control of all the shows, as well as of the industrial and other exhibits at Earl's Court in 1909; and I mention this fact for the information of all whom it may concern.

P.

WAS THE "EXPRESS" CAUGHT NAPPING?

The *Daily Express* last week contained an article written by someone who claimed to have been for a cruise in a submarine—"one of the most modern yet commissioned into our Navy." Apart altogether from the fact—mentioned by the writer—that officers are strictly forbidden to allow civilians to go on board these craft, there are one or two items which call for explanation. In one place the lieutenant in command is made to say: "Stop the engine and up she pops. A submersible only remains under water by being forced down all the time." Now, the *Express*, being amongst the naval authorities of the day, should have known that there are no submersibles in the British Navy; all our underwater craft are submarines—quite a different type of vessel. Further, the writer of the article may learn, when next a lieutenant so far contravenes his orders and his honour as to take him on board, that they are submerged by the admission of water into tanks, and that the vessel is brought to the surface by the expulsion of the water. Again, the writer declares that when a torpedo was fired the vessel appeared to give "the faintest possible bound." If he had watched more closely he might have seen the crew run forward into the bows as soon as the torpedo was fired, in order to compensate for the sudden loss of weight in that part of the ship until the proper trim could be restored by the adjustment of the tanks and rudders.

MEN WHO HAVE MADE ENGLAND WHAT IT IS.

Percival.

What shall we do with Percival?
  That's what we want to know!
What can we do with a Younger Son
  Uncommonly dull and slow?
Algernon's gone into orders—
  Laurence is in the Guards—
Percival's ready to play the game,
  But how shall we mark the cards?

He isn't cut out for a lawyer;
  He hasn't the head for trade;
He'd only starve as a medical man—
  They aren't sufficiently paid.
Mother is looking doleful—
  Father is turning blue—
We'll get him a job under Government
  And leave him to "muddle through."

* * *

Algy's in clerical clover;
  Lorry's an Army swell;
Percy "assists" the Government
  (And Government doesn't tell!)
He reaches his desk at eleven;
  He toddles off home at three;
That's what they did with Percival—
  (But never such luck for me!)

Mark Lane.

MYSTERIOUS DISEASE AND BAFFLED DOCTORS

HELPLESSNESS OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

REMARKABLE LETTERS AND EXPERIENCES FROM VICTIMS.

PROBLEM OF RIGHT TREATMENT NOW SOLVED BY NEW METHOD OF "NERVE-FEEDING."

THE POPE'S PHYSICIAN CONGRATULATES THE DISCOVERER.

There was once a man whose condition puzzled the doctors. Some looked wise and administered medicines. One or two—more honestly helpless—simply shook their heads in doubt. But one and all in time gave the man up for death.

At this stage an old doctor, known far and wide for his success with babies, was called in.

Really and truly, it was thought that the old "Baby Doctor" could do no harm, even if he did no good. The old doctor gravely examined the patient through his old-fashioned spectacles, and then, to the surprise of all—the patient included—he told the latter that he would not die; and indeed, could be as strong and well as ever again.

The nurse asked for the prescription for the medicine, and was quickly handed a card with only one word upon it.

That one word saved the man's life and restored his health and strength.

That one word was "FOOD."

The poor man had literally been fed with stones instead of bread, drugs instead of food.

A VICTIM'S OWN WORDS.

An actual instance of this kind was that of Mr. ——, a London traveller, who, falling a victim to influenza, found it left a legacy of neurasthenia. Here are this gentleman's own words:—

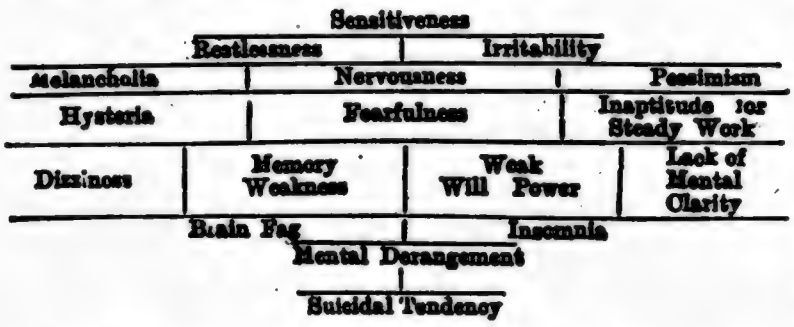
"I would wake up in the morning, about four o'clock, with a burning sensation in my eyes, which would develop during the morning to a dull heavy pain in the temples. To describe it, it was just as if someone was pushing two blunt sticks into that part of my head. I cannot describe it in any other way. In regard to my work, whilst feeling the necessity for doing it, I could summon up no resolution to do it. For instance, a customer would send me a letter, asking me to call. I would then go as far as his door, only to find myself unable to do other than come away without seeing him. Why, I could not tell you.

"Again, I would go home—I am very fond of home life—and I would sit the whole evening without saying a word. This also I could not explain. This sort of thing went on until I developed insomnia, proceeding, as it seems to me, through all the various stages so truly set forth in the chart of neurasthenia's progress.

"Two medical men told me that I could take barrels of their medicine without doing me any good. I finally consulted a Harley Street specialist. He it was who told me I was suffering from insomnia and neurasthenia, also that he was sorry to have to say that there was nothing known to medical science that would do me any good.

"What he did tell me to do was to go home, stop in bed for six weeks, to be massaged from head to foot every day, after which I was to go for a three months' voyage."

The following pedigree of the creeping development of "Nervous Asthenia," or "Neurasthenia," shows the fearful descent of the sufferer into the purgatory of pain of nerves crying for—not "stimulants" or "sedatives," but nutrition.



What, then, can the poor, helpless sufferer do to save himself, or herself from a condition oft-times worse than the fear of death itself?

Happily, a discovery of vital importance in the treatment of neurasthenia has recently been made by a distinguished German medical scientist, Dr. Carl Hartmann. So important, in fact, was this discovery in the domain of medicine that His Holiness the Pope's Physician in Ordinary wrote warmly congratulating Dr. Hartmann upon his achievement. His letter is as follows:—

"Rome.

"Dear Sir,—I made trial in my private practice of 'Antineurasthin,' and shall prescribe it henceforward, as it is an admirable agent for toning and strengthening the nervous system. I take the liberty of congratulating you on your discovery.

(Signed) "Dr. Giuseppe Lapponi
"(Physician-in-Ordinary to His Holiness "Pope Pius X.)."

"That this high praise is not in the slightest degree unmerited is proved by the following experiences of English men and women, who have put Dr. Hartmann's discovery of a method of true physiological nerve-nutrition to the test.

Intelligent examination of the large anatomical chart will aid to a proper understanding of "nervous asthenia," or "neurasthenia," as also to a correct discernment of the sound physiological principle underlying — and responsible for — the success of Dr. Hartmann's "Antineurasthin."

Dr. Hartmann's "Antineurasthin" nerve-food feeds and strengthens the whole nervous system by first strengthening its brain-centre. It does not go direct to the sciatic nerve, the optic nerve, or any other individual nerve or group of nerve-cells. It is a leaven of life to the whole of the nervous system, without nerve-geographical distinctions or limitations of any kind whatsoever.

His Holiness the Pope's Physician-in-Ordinary, Dr. Giuseppe Lapponi.

The Real Seat of Neurasthenia or Nervous Breakdown

THE CHART OF NEURASTHENIA.

This is the first time of publication of this chart of Neurasthenia, and has been specially drawn for the benefit of our readers. It shows where "this despairable disease" takes up its headquarters at A. The Chart also shows how Neurasthenia, through the morbid mental influence it exercises, jeopardises the main vital functions of its human victim—viz., the (C) Heart and Lungs, the (D) Spine, Kidneys and Pelvic Organs, and Mind.

THE NEURASTHENIA SUFFERER'S FEAR OF INSANITY.

As showing the pitiably deplorable condition to which the sufferer from neurasthenia may descend, the fear of insanity expressed in the following letter extracts bear ample witness:—

"——. Aberdeenshire.

". . . I am quite pleased with my progress, for my condition before commencing treatment was an exceedingly serious one, and I have little doubt that had I allowed it to continue I would have become insane in a comparatively short time, for I am convinced that I was rapidly getting worse . . . The last three weeks have shown a decided improvement.—I am, yours very sincerely,

"W. M. ——"

One of hundreds of unsolicited testimonials that may be seen at the office of The Antineurasthin Company.

It is most evident that there is a great—and ever-increasing—amount of neurasthenia in this country, and it is hoped that those who are conscious of one or more of the symptoms quoted in the "pedigree chart" of neurasthenia in an earlier column will not neglect to make a free trial of the antidote now available through Dr. Hartmann's discovery of nerve-feeding "Antineurasthin."

For there can be no reason why anyone should neglect to try a nerve food that has merited the unstinting praise of so distinguished a scientist and medical man as his Holiness the Pope's Physician.

Furthermore, our readers can make this personal trial at no cost to themselves, as a supply of "Antineurasthin," amply sufficient to demonstrate its wonderful nerve-nourishing and nerve-sustaining qualities, is obtainable without payment. Two penny stamps for postage should, however, be enclosed as a matter of courtesy.

Card or letter application, with the stamps, should be addressed to the Antineurasthin Co., 41, Botolph House, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

With the complimentary trial supply will also be sent a pamphlet by Dr. Hartmann, explanatory of the nervous system and its maintenance at a desirable standard of efficiency, together with a scientific review of Dr. Hartmann's discovery by a fellow-member of the medical profession.—[ADVT.]

OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS, AND TELEGRAMS.

To Mr. Charles Dunn, Superintendent Boys' Shelter, Glasgow.

Dear Sir,—I offer you the sympathy of a full heart in the calamity which has befallen you. You shot your wife in mistake for a burglar. When she regained consciousness, she wept for you, who were in prison, and asked that you might be brought to her so that she could assure you of her forgiveness before she passed into her long rest. She "succumbed before the police could complete the formalities necessary" to permit your being taken to her bedside, but she died with your forgiveness on her lips.

That the police should have set their formalities at such a moment above the poignant calls of those pallid lips, the last call for you which was to come from them before they were sealed in death for ever, was a cruelty and a wrong to the dying and the living. As long as your life lasts you will never forget that blind officialism barred your way to that sanctuary where the wife you loved was calling, calling, calling for you in vain. I can understand the bitter tears wrung from your heart when they told you that for you was only the touch of hands and lips cold in death. A man's deepest grief was in them, for yours then, as now, is a grief such as comes to few. What assuagement time can bring, may it bring to you in all abundance. And to the memory of the dear woman—woman to the last—eternal peace!

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Sydney Buxton, H.M. Postmaster-General.

My dear P.M.G.—Next time you crack a joke, do you mind affixing an explanatory label to it? In the earlier part of the year you told the Junior Philatelic Society it had been suggested that you should produce a stamp with a black mourning border. You were rather inclined, you added, to make a small issue of that sort, and you hoped philatelists would buy it up at high prices. They have been yearning for that funereal work of art ever since; yearning for it as only philatelists can yearn for a novelty to stick into a stamp album. Tired of yearning, weary of waiting through all the long months of hopeful days and wakeful nights, they at last asked you to name the happy day, only to be told that you never meant the thing to be taken seriously. Wherefore, as Mr. Micawber would say, their hopes are shattered, the blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the god of day goes down upon the weary scene—and, in short, they are for ever floored.

Sir, I regard this as heartrending, and I am writing to you to offer this piece of advice. Never try a joke on a philatelist—he will not observe it. He looks at life with serious eyes. Life to him is but a means of collecting stamps, and Paradise a place where they issue a new stamp every other day. With your experience of the world, I am amazed you should have treated these stamp collectors to an unlabelled jest. Pray do not permit so grave a lapse of official etiquette to occur again, or I shall be compelled on the Estimates to move a reduction of your salary by sixpence with a view to calling Parliamentary attention to your flagrant conduct.

John Bull.

To Mr. James Taylor, Westminster Bridge Road.

Sir,—As baker to the House of Lords, your bread is too light; I mean it is too light for the money. You have been selling bread otherwise than by weight, and certain scales in your possession were so unjust that they have been confiscated. An Inspector of Weights bought at your shop a twopenny loaf which worked out at about 5½d. for two lbs., and it was stated in court that you sold the staff of life in this way to poor people. Now, this is not playing the game, and, as a Master of the Rolls connected with the aristocracy of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, you should know it isn't.

So far as I am concerned, you may sell the House of Lords bread at twopence a slice; they can afford to squander the money. But selling bread to the poor is another matter altogether; and to take advantage of them in doing so is one of the meanest and most reprehensible offences within the whole range of the law. It is an offence still far too common in the land, and my hope is that the fine of two guineas which the magistrates inflicted will teach you a needful lesson.

John Bull.

To Alderman C. Clements and Mr. C. Monk, Justices of the Peace, Henley.

Gentlemen,—Don't you think you were rather hard on that tramp you had before you the other day? The charge against him was that he did fraudulently obtain relief at the Henley Union while having in his possession eightpence in money, and not making a disclosure of the same. He had hidden the eightpence in some sugar he had, and he explained that he did so in order that when he went out of the workhouse next day he would not have to go begging. I have not much sympathy with tramps as a class, and I am not saying that one who hoards a capital of eightpence is without visible means of subsistence. On the other hand, you would not call eightpence a tremendous fortune, would you? I daresay if you were reduced to eightpence yourselves you would treasure it as long as possible. When, therefore, you sent down this man to do fourteen days' "hard," it seems to me that you overstepped the limits of His Majesty's justice. If it is a fair examination question—How long do you give a man (a) for hitting his wife on the head with a poker, and (b) what is your tariff for using strong language to a policeman? A reply by return of post will oblige.

John Bull.

To Walter Wellman, Esq., Trondhjem, Norway.

Dear Wally,—You seem a long time in starting for the North Pole in that balloon of yours. Aren't you well, man? I see that your attempt is now postponed to 1909, orders having been "cabled from America that the men in charge of the buildings at Spitzbergen are to remain there through this winter." On the whole, you had perhaps better drop the air-ship idea and consider whether you cannot reach the Pole astride an ass. Meanwhile, you needn't advertise any more. We all know you by this time, and, like the Pole, you seem very much of a frost. However, if ever you do reach those far arctic regions, send me a note of the fact by pigeon post or by Marconigram; I may want some bill-sticking done on the icebergs.

John Bull.

To the Commission of the Free Church of Scotland (otherwise Wee Frees).

Gentlemen,—Two or three times a year at Commissions, Assemblies, or something of the sort, you resort to the harmless pastime of "shooting off hot air," as the Yankee would say, the only result of which is to make yourselves look ridiculous, and to provide amusement for those who peruse your frothy vapourings. Your latest exploits have recently taken place in Edinburgh. In a report of the Committee on Religion and Morals (other people's), it was solemnly recorded that "the Church expressed strong condemnation" of the fact that the natives of the Senegal village, one of the show places of the Scottish National Exhibition, had attended an entertainment especially arranged for them on Sunday afternoon, and with all due form and ceremony a decree to that effect was sent forth to the management of the Exhibition. The form of iniquity which kindled the wrath of your august body was that the natives were taken to the circus in cars, shown some animated pictures, heard sacred songs and selections on the graphophone. Are you aware that these natives are Mahommedans, and in their religious exercises are as devout, if not more devout, than the majority of Christians? By the nature of their employment they are necessarily somewhat closely confined for six days of the week, and yet you think they should forego any pleasure on the seventh day, simply because you in your wisdom have espoused a different creed! Perhaps it has never struck you that according to the Mahommedan faith Friday is their most sacred day of the week, though they do not push it to the extremes that you do the Scottish "Sawbath." But look out, or perhaps when you have been "gowfing" on some Friday, the elect of the village will meet in solemn conflab, and publish strongly-worded edicts on your desecrating the West African "Sawbath." These people pick up our customs very quickly.

John Bull.

Sir Fairfax Cartwright, Vienna.

Congratulations on your appointment. Glad to see some young blood circulating in the diplomatic body at last.

Bull.

Burgess, Straits of Dover.

Congratulations on your pluck. Hope you will get a good engagement on the Music Halls, even if you never become a burgess of Calais. Meanwhile, I confer upon you the Freedom of the Channel.

Bull.

Isvolski, St. Petersburg.

Glad to hear you are coming over. Hope it means another step in the direction of universal peace. Vive la Duma!

Bull.

Sultan, Constantinople.

Now that the stigma has been removed from your Empire, why not reassert claims to Bulgaria, Egypt, Tunis, Bosnia, etc.?

Bull.

OUR SILLY SEASON HAS COMMENCED!

AERO POLICE
VOTES FOR WOMEN
The traffic is held up effectively, while nervous old Browne is conveyed in safety across the street.
Gentle persuasion
Burglar Bill is frustrated in his nefarious practices
PHIL BLAKE

A GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE.

IN THE CITY.

THE OUTLOOK FOR DIAMONDS.

Some weeks ago we published an article in which the writer endeavoured to show that the position of the diamond trade, and, therefore, of the market for diamond securities, was discouraging. In the interval, there have been some interesting developments. One of these was the closing down of the De Beers Mine. And, more recently, we have witnessed what looks very like a bold effort to imbue the outside world with a sense of restored confidence. It may or may not be that public confidence has been restored. But the closing of De Beers does not necessarily imply that the situation has been faced in a practical or desirable manner. The evil to be surmounted is over-production, and the abandonment temporarily of operations at De Beers affords no guarantee that the production of diamonds is to be regulated by the demand. In view of the fact that diamonds have become a drug in the market, more tangible evidence of a desire to meet the difficulty is needed. Whether the De Beers Mine is working or idle is not important. The cardinal point is whether the De Beers authorities realize the necessity for a considerably decreased output of the precious stone. They have been in the habit of producing diamonds to the value of between four or five millions sterling annually. But a survey of the existing situation leaves no doubt that these figures should be considerably cut down. The position, indeed, is more acute than appears on the surface. The leading dealers in Paris, Berlin, and Amsterdam months ago combined to press for curtailment of production, or, in the alternative, for the cessation of sales of the raw material. For such a movement there is, we believe, no precedent. It tells, in any event, a sorry tale of the depression in the diamond trade. It is eloquent of the over-stocked condition of the market.

There is no monopoly in diamonds now, let it be remembered. Hence the poor outlook. So long as the De Beers Company's control of the market was unassailable, so long could values be maintained. But the appearance of the Premier Company, with its proved capability of production on an extensive scale, has completely revolutionised the old order of things. The partial remedy, of course, is for De Beers to buy out the Premier. But will the Premier sell?

In the next place, assuming their willingness to be swallowed whole by the older venture, would it be at a price which would meet the wishes of De Beers? No evidence in either direction is forthcoming. There is not so much as a whisper that any scheme is afoot. We have only the bare fact that the market for diamonds is overloaded, and that if a material reduction in their selling price is to be avoided something heroic will have to be done in the immediate future. The public, which has looked upon the possession of diamonds as a safe investment, is entitled to ask that it shall be protected by the big combine in whose hands the remedy lies. The absorption of the Premier Mine would not of itself suffice. There must also be, as the Continental dealers have suggested through the medium of a deputation, further restricted production of the raw material, or the temporary cessation of sales by the producing companies. If either De Beers or the Premier assent to one of these proposals, it will be tantamount to an admission that diamonds are too high, and, by emphasising the unfavourable outlook, precipitate the decline in value which is threatened. If they refuse—it may be they have done so already—the effect is likely to be seen in aggravated depression in the principal diamond-dealing centres. And then? Well, we shall see. Much may happen. Whatever the result, it cannot be to the advantage of those who have invested money in diamonds.

To some extent, the hands of the two producing companies are tied. They are under contract to a body known as the "Syndicate," to produce stones of a fixed value annually, the whole of such output being sold to the "Syndicate" in question. But the point is, of course, that it will take a long time to restore the diamond market to the *status quo ante*. The improvement of diamond securities does not testify to improvement on a material scale in the absorbing capacity of the public.

THE CITY AND WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE, LIMITED.—Stock and Share Dealers, Queen Anne's Chambers, Westminster, S.W. No Commission. Loss Limited. Profit Unlimited. All payments made directly bargain closed. Write at once for pamphlet, which will be sent post free on mentioning this paper. Telephone Nos., 867 Westminster, 7763 Gerrard. Telegraphic address, "Stockwork," London.—Advt.

THE SOUTH ATLANTIC TRADING COMPANY.
At It Again?

Some months ago a company was brought out under this title about which we had a good deal to say. We advised the public not to apply for its shares because reports upon which the prospectus rested were not, in our opinion, satisfactory. There was no proof that the guano the company was to get from the islands was of commercial value. The public took our view of the matter, and those who were responsible for the promotion—persons of repute who had acted in perfectly good faith—saw to it that the moneys subscribed were returned.

Now we find another attempt made to float the company. But, whereas the prospectus of March offered 46,000 shares for subscription, the present one offers 16,000; and whereas last time the minimum subscription on which there was to be allotment was fixed at £40,000, now it is to be at the more modest figure of £2,000.

There is nothing in the new prospectus that removes the distrust which the earlier document inspired, and it seems absurd to suppose that the capital now asked for can be sufficient for the purposes aimed at. At any rate, if £2,000 will serve, the £40,000 asked for in the spring requires some explanation.

We do not know who are the financial backers of the new company, but we do know that they are not those of the old. We notice, however, that the two Admirals—Admiral Fane and Admiral Harris—who were on the old board, are on the new, and these two gentlemen have addressed a letter to the daily papers which, to say the least, is of an unusual character. They head it "St. Helena and Tristan D'Acunha," and its argument seems to be that the public should subscribe the capital now asked in order indirectly "to ameliorate the life and conditions of the inhabitants of these islands." Sir Chas. Fane and Sir Robt. Harris go on to say: "In the interests of the inhabitants of both St. Helena and Tristan D'Acunha, it is to be hoped that the company's venture may be successful, and that the lives of those far-distant subjects of His Majesty may in some measure be kept in touch with, and have the opportunity of partaking in, the prosperity of the Empire."

Now, we are as anxious as these gallant Admirals can be to help to do what can be done for these islanders, but joint-stock companies are not formed on a philanthropic basis, and, if the South Atlantic Trading Company is to pay its way, it must be worked commercially. As we have said above, we can see nothing in the present prospectus to induce us to think that those who put their money into the venture will ever get it out, and, in our opinion, the two Admirals accept a heavy responsibility when they seek by indirect, and very unusual, means to persuade the public to apply for shares in a company which otherwise, and rightly, would not appeal to them.

ALLSOPP'S.
Preparing for Reconstruction.

A meeting of the 4 per cent. mortgage debenture stockholders of this company was held at the Cannon Street Hotel on Aug. 17th for the purpose of considering an arrangement to substitute an equal amount of 4 per cent. new income debenture stock for the existing mortgage debenture stock in conjunction with the substitution of an equal amount of new income debenture stock for the existing 6 per cent. trust certificates. Mr J. F. Remnant, M.F., presided.

The Chairman, in submitting the details of the scheme, said it was proposed to create a new 4 per cent. income debenture stock, the interest on which would be paid when earned, instead of, as at present, when it was not earned. Those responsible for the finances of the company in the past had created an enormous capital, which had to bear the claims of a fixed interest. He hoped the company would earn this new interest, but they must be put into a position in which they could trade on fair businesslike terms. They had not a proper amount of working capital, and the Board had no chance of doing justice to the company or to themselves. What was at present wanted was relief from the fixed charges. At present all they got was a floating charge as security, and if the scheme were approved, the debenture holders would continue to have a floating charge. The proposed arrangements would reduce the present fixed charges by about £67,000 per annum. He concluded by moving the resolution giving effect to the conversion of the present debenture stock, which, upon a poll being taken, was carried as follows:—For the scheme, 4,462 votes; against, 612 votes.

A meeting of the holders of the 6 per cent. trust certificates was held later in the afternoon to consider a resolution converting their holdings into 4 per cent. income debenture stock, equal in nominal value to their present holdings. After discussion the scheme was approved.

Mr. J. F. Remnant presided at a subsequent extraordinary meeting of the ordinary shareholders, at which the necessary resolutions to carry out the scheme approved at the previous meetings were submitted, and carried unanimously.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

Polesworth Stoneware Pipe Co., Ltd., and Newfoundland Pulp and Timber Territories, Ltd.—A. O'N. (Filey).—Have nothing to do with them. You have been fooled.

Hull Race-course Co.—R. E. M. (Uxbridge).—We strongly advise you to realise—if you can.

Compania Minera de Porcarey.—W. A. (London).—The shares are utterly worthless.

Hexdon Park Estates.—J. G. S. (Watford).—Don't touch them at any price.

Bill and Share Transactions.—W. C. (Parkestone).—Be very careful.

ARNOLD AND BUTLER.—E. S. (New Barnet).—We are communicating with the papers with a view to the removal of these swindlers' advertisements. We are happy to say that nearly every newspaper has now declined to further their nefarious schemes.

LIPTONS LIMITED.—ONE WHO KNOWS (Upper Thames Street).—We have read your letter with attention, but you do not give any facts in support of your argument that Liptons is suffering greatly from bad management, and that the company is in a bad way. If you had said this a year or two ago the facts of the position would have been some justification for the statement, but since then, not only has Sir Thomas Lipton himself given much more attention to the business, he has appointed a manager of exceptional ability, who is making things hum. Under these circumstances, we think this is not the time for publishing a depreciatory statement such as yours. The company did very well last year, and promises to do better this.

MUNICIPAL PERMANENT INVESTMENT SOCIETY.—TORY (Hunt's Cross).—We know of no reason for thinking that the position is much changed.

LIVERPOOL SAVINGS BANK.—A. A. B. (Stoke Newington).—We agree that the demand of the bank that you should attend in person is unreasonable, having regard to your willingness to sign a form and arrange for two householders of substance to attend at the bank to sign the indemnity form required; but you have lost your pass book, and if the regulations of the bank require you to attend in person for the purpose of drawing out your deposit, as we assume they do, we do not see that you can compel the bank to do without your attendance, if you want to handle your money.

DUTIES OF TRUSTEES.—IRISH BULL (Dublin).—Some of the great insurance companies are undertaking these duties.

THE IRISH UNITED COLLECTING COMPANY.—A. S. M. (Belfast).—We are obliged to you for your letter with its communication, which we return. Your criticism is probably well founded, but the matter is not of sufficient interest to the general body of our readers to warrant our giving space to it.

HOUSE PURCHASE.—H. S. W. (Kingston-on-Thames).—We see no reason to question the solvency or good management of the society to which your letter refers.

UNITED INVESTMENT AND LOAN COMPANY, LIMITED.—G. F. (Spitalfields).—If the facts are as you state them, you have the right to dissent, and to be bought out.

INVESTMENT OF £2,000.—QUERY (Norwich).—Yes, we should think 4½ per cent. upon mortgages satisfactory, assuming, of course, the value of the property to be adequate.

MINING SHARES.—H. H. (Cardiff).—It would be a very speculative purchase.

PREMIUM BONDS.—H. B. (Reading).—You should apply to one of the foreign bankers who deal in these bonds. H. J. C. (Pentre).—See previous answer. F. J. B. (Cardiff).—Your bonds would not be affected by the liquidation. A list of drawings is published in the "Bondholders' Register," which you can get for a subscription of ten shillings per annum, including postage, the price of a single copy being sixpence. The "Bondholders' Register" is published at 2, Nicholas Passage, Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, E.C. ANXIOUS (Luton).—There would be no difficulty in selling the bonds. DOUBTFUL READER (Leeds).—The prices you name represent roughly the market prices. There would be no difficulty in disposing of these bonds if you desire to do so. A. A. P. (Brixton).—We have your letter, but we do not see why we should ask holders of these bonds to communicate with you. J. H. H. (Hanley).—They are much of a muchness. J. F. S. (Johannesburg).—We do not recommend dealings with Melville, Glyn and Co., of Paris.

ISLANDS INSURANCE COMPANY.—W. H. (Birmingham).—The answer is in the negative.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—F. S. (Halstead).—We strongly advise you to keep your savings for the present in the Post Office Savings Bank. We note that you sent some money to Arfield and Butler for purchase of shares, and that you have lost what you remitted. Of course, you have. It is inconceivable to us that an intelligent, industrious workman, as you appear to be, who can save out of his small wages, should be foolish enough to send his savings to people of whom he knows nothing in the belief that they will speculate on the Stock Exchange with his money to his advantage. C. S. (Llansamlet).—It all depends on the interest that would satisfy you. As to tampering with the Sinking Fund, we do not detect your meaning. This Government has a fine record in the way of paying off debt. It was its predecessor which added to it so greatly. R. C. (Peckham).—We cannot advise you to leave your money with the concern you name. High interest is tempting, but it is apt to mean bad security. Buy some Spratts' Patent; at their present price they would give you over six per cent., with excellent security. C. F. H. (Leigh).—The company is respectable, and the Board is doing its utmost, but it suffers from want of capital.

CAMMELL, LAIRD AND COMPANY.—SAILOR (Liverpool).—(1) Yes, but we prefer another selection. (2) The outside brokers to whom you refer would treat you fairly.

ONE AND ALL SICKNESS.—E. G. (Liverpool).—We have inquired into your complaint against the association, and we find that the delay in the settlement of the claim is due to circumstances for which you are responsible. You signed a proposal form on the 27th February last, and thereby subscribed to Clause 9 to the effect that you are not subject to, and did not at the time have, and never have had (amongst other things) hernia. The association has, however, obtained evidence that you underwent an operation for hernia on the 5th February, and were again in the infirmary for the month of May for a second operation, and, although you were in June discharged as cured, medical certificates following that date, particularly one dated as late as the 20th July, state that you still suffer from the same affliction. The main facts of this statement are in consonance with your letter to us, and, under these circumstances, we really do not think you have any ground for the complaint that your claim is still undecided. J. D. (Glasgow).—It is increasing its business rapidly, and we think it is doing its best to keep to its engagements. PEN CHAUFFEUR (Westminster).—We think you may become a member without much risk. LEITONSTONE (Stratford).—It is not within our province to give the record of officials of a company when we have no reason to suppose that it is other than good. F. W. (Lincoln).—We will make inquiries into your complaint, and refer to the matter again later.

CHELTENHAM AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY.—ALPHA (Duncon).—We have never heard anything to its discredit.

DEALINGS IN OPTIONS.—H. M. (Stockport).—We do not recommend "dealing in options" through Messrs. R. H. Smith and Co., of Broad Street House, or anybody else. If you are a reader of this page, you must know that we persistently advise readers who consult us to have nothing to do with options.

KELTONS, LIMITED.—J. C. (London).—We regret that we can be of no service to you in the matter.

WARING AND GILLOW.—T. H. O. B. (Finsbury Park).—We understand the report and accounts are about to be published. M. H. B. (Derby).—You had better wait for the report and accounts.

PURCHASE OF PROPERTY.—H. M. B. (Cardiff).—We have your further letter, but cannot you find a customer in your own neighbourhood? We are afraid you would have considerable difficulty in getting one here. From your point of view, the times are out of joint.

GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL SECURITIES CORPORATION.—W. H. C. (Manor Park).—We have had satisfactory references, but cannot say more.

FELTHAM'S BANK.—G. G. F. (Canterbury).—This institution appears to have been inextricably involved with the International Securities Corporation muddle.

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THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

PHOTOGRAPHY, HALOES, SAINTS, AND SINNERS.

Archdeacon Colley will be much interested in the photographic accomplishments of Dr. Fere, of Paris, described by a gentleman of the religious press as "an eminent French physician." Indeed, there should be a sort of brotherly affinity between them, for the Archdeacon photographs spirits and the Doctor photographs haloes. According to Dr. Fere, there are certain conditions of the mind and the nervous system when a halo actually surrounds the human head, and I think it fair to say that I have noticed this myself, not only in church, but out of it. Some people wear haloes only on Sundays; it all depends on how you feel and what you have been brought up to. To wear a halo with comfort and distinction you must be either very good or feel very bad; either worthy of a stained glass window or be under the doctor.

But wearing a halo is one thing, and getting yourself photographed in it is another. For even a halo of a fanatical teetotaler is not as visible as his hat. You know the circling light is about his hallowed brain, but you recognise it by faith rather than by sight. Dr. Fere's discovery will now make it possible for all those who wear haloes to obtain photographs which they can send to their friends or publish in the illustrated papers. The doctor had occasion to photograph one of his patients in hospital, and he was astonished when the photographer showed him the negative to notice a ring of soft orange light encircling the head. His scientific curiosity being roused, he carefully considered the luminous phenomenon in all its bearings, and selected for his next experiment "a neurasthenic patient whose emotional state became at times exceptionally intense." Patiently he waited for this psychological moment, then he again invited the photographer to step inside and have a shot. The photographer levelled his camera, pressed the button, and when the plate was developed, "there were distinctly visible luminous rays, several inches in length proceeding from the patient's forehead and the sides of his head." After this he made experiments with various other patients, "and it was found that the halo was always present in various degrees under similar conditions." Some of the patients may still be living, or, on the other hand, they may have left no address and taken their haloes with them.

Dr. Fere's discovery is another proof of the rapid strides which the art of photography has made in late years. It is one of our greatest detectives. If, like Archdeacon Colley, you have any departed spirits, it detects them at once. If you go about wearing a halo, it shows you up luminous before all men. Not long ago an American doctor announced that he had photographed the soul at the moment when it was leaving the body of a patient, and he was so pleased with his success that he published the picture. One day a six-foot friend of mine went fishing, and caught what he firmly believed was a six-inch trout. He got a friend of his to photograph the fish while it was on the end of the line. The resultant picture showed the trout a foot longer than himself and broad in proportion. That work of art now hangs in his billiard room, and underneath it appear the words, "I caught this trout myself."

You may think it impossible for a man to watch himself crossing the street, but I have seen a photograph where he is accomplishing the performance. It may seem not less incredible to you that a man should be able to play three-handed nap with himself, that he should hold his own head in a pie dish, or that he should serve up his wife's head as a dinner joint. But I give you my word of honour that I have held in my own hands and seen with my own eyes photographs of these things. I mention them merely to show that photography cannot lie—that it is capable of revealing many wonderful phenomena not discernible to human vision.

It is to photography that the world owes the remarkable discovery that men and women are more beautiful than their friends are aware of. We enter a photographic studio, and sit or stand before the camera wearing a face which a looking glass has been telling us all our days would be disqualified at a beauty show. In a few days we receive a picture revealing us as we really are, and we find we possess a face of which the most fastidious might well be proud. Not only is the photographer always in search of truth, but he is the only man on earth who finds it; and though you may have rashly assumed hitherto that in distributing haloes to the saints, Providence has overlooked your claims, if you will get the doctor to call in a man with a camera while you are in a neurasthenic state of intense emotion, you will find the sacred ring of light effulgent about your head.

I take leave to read into Dr. Fere's discovery the profound and significant fact that we all have a halo, but that it often slips off. The greatest saint in the Calendar never wore one seven days a week, and probably always felt most comfortable in it in church. Stiggins and Chadband wear theirs all the time they are out. But their luminous headgear was not made to measure and does not fit. It wobbles about like a small hat on a big head, and is tumbled by the wind of self-righteousness into the gutters of cant and humbug.

SOUND FINANCIAL METHODS.

THE TRIUMPH OVER PREJUDICES. VICTORY OF REFORM.

There are few studies that afford greater pleasure or give greater satisfaction to the studiously inclined nature than a careful examination of the rise and fall of ancient nations, or the gradual decay of old traditions and the absorption or extinction of old institutions. The student, if he so desires, can trace how from these past great traditions a new code of ideas has gradually evolved, while from the structures of old historic houses new enterprises more fitted to deal with the altered conditions of time have been brought into being.

THE BATTLE WITH PREJUDICE.

All great reforms that have tended to shake settled beliefs or to upset established methods have had to contend with both prejudice and violent opposition. It has been so in religion, in politics, in banking, in finance, and so it has been in the establishment of the London and Paris Exchange, Limited, an institution founded to give greater and more extended facilities for financial transactions and dealing in and obtaining advances on Stock Exchange securities. The directors wish to congratulate their supporters that, notwithstanding all this opposition, they have succeeded in establishing their enterprise, and they are convinced, from the progressive advancement of their business, that they occupy to-day a high position in public favour. The sound and liberal principles on which the business is conducted justify the belief that future years will witness a continuance of steady and healthy expansion, and bring increased prosperity.

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AMONG THE BOOKS.

BY HERBERT VIVIAN.

"The Sword Decides." By Marjorie Bowen. (London: Rivers. 1908. Price 6s.)

If this had been Miss Bowen's first book it would not have attracted any very great attention. But many will read it in consequence of her previous success, and I fear that they may be disappointed. To begin with, it is always an effort to go right back into the dark ages and take an interest in far-away personages. The story tells how Andreas, Prince of Hungary, went to marry the Queen-presumptive of Naples. Her father had usurped the throne, and the Prince ought to have occupied it. The marriage was accordingly intended to patch up a historical feud. But old grievances and unpleasantness still survived. The Queen was beautiful and clever, but of a neurotic temperament. Her one idea was to obtain the full regal power for herself. Her husband, however, obtained the upper hand with the assistance of the Pope. Accordingly she lured him into a convent and had him murdered. This part of the story is well and strikingly told, but the plot is not skilfully worked out, and the ending is very poor. As a prologue we have an extraordinary piece of poetry which seems to be written in no metre at all.

"The Armada Gold." By Edgar Turner and Reginald Hodder. (London: Grant Richards. 1908. Price 6s.)

There is no very great originality about this story, which combines the kidnapping of an English girl by Pacific savages, and a search for treasure by means of the usual charts and ciphers. At first, however, I was carried away by the vivacity of the authors, and plodded along in expectation of some new sensations. But I soon found that too much had been attempted; the plot had been so much overladen and over-elaborated that I soon gave up the attempt to struggle through the confusion.

"The Girl who Couldn't Lie." By Keble Howard. (London: Eveleigh Nash. 1908. Price 1s. net.)

Parts of this book are exceedingly funny, and the others are almost pathetic. The girl reads Wordsworth one night, and suddenly makes up her mind that she will always tell the truth in future. By this she understands unvarnished home truths, and the result is that she becomes very unpopular among people who have no sense of humour. The book may be cordially recommended as an antidote to depression. Perhaps the most diverting part occurs when she tells her family precisely what she thinks about them.

"Let us begin with father."

"I have an appointment at eight-thirty," said papa, rising hastily.

"Wait, papa," said mamma. And papa, with a sigh, sat down again.

"Father," said Pauline, "is essentially a weak man. . . .

"Father," continued Pauline, "in addition to being a weak man, is a snob. Long Ditchington is a nest of snobs, as I hope to point out to them before long, and father is one of the biggest snobs in the town. . . . Save that he pays the rent, and the butcher and the baker; he is useless as a father. . ."

"She is getting dull," whispered Maurice, audibly. "I wish she'd start on ma."

"She daren't," retorted Queenie, in the same tone.

"Oh, yes, I dare," said Pauline, with a sad, sweet early-martyr smile. "Mother won't like it, but I can't help that. My duty must be done at all costs. Mother, then, who sits there trying to frighten me with that silly glare, and is simply longing to get up and box my ears, has more faults than most of you. To begin with, she is a dreadful liar, and——"

Commotion at this statement. Mr. Huegall asked how Pauline dared to speak of her mother in that way, and Arabella was understood to observe that her sister ought to be whipped and locked up. Ivy giggled, and then blushed. Vincent made a savage attack on his unprotected upper lip, apparently mistaking it for a moustache. Mamma's head began to shake a little, rather after the fashion of the lid of a boiling kettle. Maurice pinched Queenie in sheer delight at the entertainment, and Queenie, who was too much interested to cry, hit him with a tablespoon and went uncorrected.

"When you've all quite done," continued Pauline, "I would remind you of the numberless times that we have heard our mother, whom we are supposed to revere, speak in tones of simulated friendship to people we knew she loathed, or of the numberless lying letters she has made us write in reply to invitations that she did not wish to accept . . ."

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A FREE INQUIRY.

TO THE CAXTON PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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Please send me, free of charge, full particulars of the "Business Encyclopædia," and of your offer to deliver the complete work for a first payment of **1s. 6d.**, the balance being paid by a few small monthly payments.

Name .....

Address .....
J.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Women Explorers.

That intrepid traveller, Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, is about to marry again. She is the only person—let alone the only lady—who has ever undertaken successfully, the perilous journey across Labrador. It was an effort of conjugal affection. Her late husband got half way on the route, and then died. Some sceptics were found to question his achievement, whereupon—to uphold her dead husband's honour—Mrs. Hubbard herself fitted out an expedition, and succeeded in accomplishing the entire journey. Mrs. Hubbard thus places herself on the list of women explorers in a position only second to that of Madame Ida Pfeiffer. This enterprising traveller was the over-worked mother of a poor family throughout all the years of her youthful energy, and when at length family ties permitted her to set forth at all, it was only in a state of poverty. She could afford none of the ordinary comforts of the explorer, and her sufferings were thereby rendered sometimes intense. For instance, in Iceland she should have had furs, a tent, cooking utensils, and so on. Poor Ida had none of these, and often passed the night in the open air coiled up on her trunk, unable to sleep for the cruel cold. On one occasion, after eight days' riding through a Persian desert, sustained only by a few dates and a little sour bread, she arrived at a native encampment. Some mutton was stewing in a pot, and Ida's famished interior craved for a solid meal. Judge her dismay on seeing the old woman who was cooking take from another bowl some grain mixed with onions, squeeze them all to pulp in her filthy hands, then taking up mouthfuls, chew them thoroughly and spit them over the mutton stew! Ida proposed to herself to pass over that dish, but it finally smelt so appetising, that she sensibly ate up her share to the last morsel. She was quite old when she made her most perilous journey. This was into the land of the Battaks—a ferocious cannibal tribe. Once they pursued and surrounded the brave old lady, ordering her to return. She declined, whereupon they drew their knives, and her native guide was petrified with fear. But Ida, hitting the biggest and noisiest leader on the shoulder, said gaily in her best Malay, "Go on—you would never have the heart to kill and eat a woman, especially an old, tough, dried-up one like me." This courage pleased them, and they let her go. There was much of Ida's own brave and good-humoured sentiments expressed in the little verse that was made upon her by some wit:

"Through countries by wild men and cannibals haunted,
Old Dame Ida Pfeiffer goes lone and undaunted,
But the deed, after all's, not so great as 'tis reckoned,
She's too old for the first and too tough for the second."

Concerning Dress.

With the autumn, severely-built "tailor-mades" once more become the order of the day. The new models show that the high-waisted effect is to be in high favour throughout the coming winter. Blue serge is being made up into the smartest of costumes, and lovers of striped materials can follow their fancy in this matter, resting assured that they will thereby be likewise following the dictates of *Madame Mode*. One very desirable costume in cigar brown striped face-cloth, had the skirt laid in pleats all round, stitched down neatly to the knees. The front formed a flat panel, trimmed all down the centre by smallish brown velvet buttons. The three-quarter coat was short-waisted in cut, with wide revers from collar to coat-edge, decorated by buttons put on slanting-wise in groups of three. From the pit of the throat to an inch or two below the waist was a narrow closed waistcoat. It was the bright show of colour here that rendered the costume so "Frenchy." There was orange, crimson and blue, all embroidered by hand in the form of flowers and spirals of ribbon. The hat worn with this "get-up" was a simple felt, trimmed with plumage, in which these bright colours were repeated. Gauntlet gloves and smart brown shoes completed a most attractive *ensemble*.

Up-to-date Shoes.

Perhaps nothing is less subjected to the vagaries of Fashion than footgear. The Louis heel is always with us, and unless we determine to patronise sandals, there is a sad lack of variety. Still, details change from season to season; for instance, this year very large tongues are the hall-mark of the fashionable shoe. Very often, too, these tongues are cut into the most elaborate shapes, while I have seen a pair of brown shoes hailing from frivolous Paris that had the leather of the tongue stamped out so elaborately that it bore a strong resemblance to lace. In some of the smartest models the two top holes are made very large, allowing a piece of ribbon to be passed through them, which ties into a jaunty bow above the bow of the ordinary shoe-lace. Striped shoes of two different colours are new and smart, but are only suited for carriage wear.

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Particulars of Membership and Receptions to be held throughout the Autumn can be obtained of
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Ensure £1 a Week for any Sickness.
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(Not exceeding, but according to the number of Members.) Claims paid on sight. No other Association offers such liberal terms. Are you in a Club? If so, compare Payments and Benefits.

JUST CONSIDER!
1.—Will your salary cease when you are sick or injured?
2.—Is your earning power insured?
3.—Accident and sickness visit us when we are least prepared for it.
4.—You will do your duty by your family, to yourself, and know you are not getting behind if you assure.
5.—Nothing kills quicker than worry.
6.—If you are not insured you must worry.

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PROSPECTUS, PRESS COMMENTS, AND TESTIMONIALS, POST FREE.
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BULL'S EYES.

Some Unfounded and Confounded Rumours:—

That Winston Churchill is about to become a Unionist.
That the Suffragettes who went to Blackpool enjoyed their "outing."
That the Primrose League is starting classes for the instruction of *voters*.
That some of our railways will soon be run on other lines.
That our Navy will soon be on its "lean-sum."
That the Liverpool police are going to the dogs.
That the Channel can only be swum by a Webb-footed man.
That Lieut. Woods (late Grenadier Guards) has written a book entitled "Washed by Four Subalterns."
That the Manchester cotton operatives have got the "needle."
That President Castro has a contempt for "Dutch courage."
That the English carpet trade is suffering from the "dumps."
That the menagerie vultures which escaped in the East End made at once for the City.

£400,000 is to be spent on deepening the river Dee. It will then be a big "D."

"Wives are easier to get than schools," said an applicant before the Carnarvonshire Education Committee. But harder to keep.

"Phantom Home Army," reads an *Express* heading. Why not, "Pantomime"?

A writer on cricket in a contemporary signs himself "Short Leg." A lame contribution.

Knight, who bats for Leicestershire, was recently bowled after an innings of 105. It is a sad day when such Knights are Bowled.

A new song for the *News of the World*—
"Take me on the Flip-flap,
Do-ran-do!"

A cyclist, near Musselburgh, knocked a child down and gave him a copper. The boy should have found another one.

The newspaper heading, "Tips for Travellers," suggests a much needed reform.

During the recent session, 5,120 postal orders were issued from the House of Commons post office. Have some of the members been "Limericking"?

"Washed by Four Seas" is the title of a new book. The experiences of a seaside tripper, we presume?

"A man on a wet day is really a greater trial than a child," says the *Album*. A regular wet "blank it."

The pheasant that hatched a nest of eggs two feet above a target at Broomfield Rifle Butts evidently knew something.

Professor Mudd claims that Australia has an underground river 200 miles wide, flowing through the centre. He should know.

"One cannot kill youth," says Mrs. Irwin Smart. There are always those who will dye for it.

"All women are babies," says May Sinclair. And many of them are "in arms" just now.

"New Zealand is a borrowing country," says the Melbourne *Australasian*. But it has a good capital.

Channel swims seem doomed to failure until the Channel's whims can be circumvented.

Five Germans rewarded an Alpine guide with five shillings for rescuing them from a perilous position. They knew the value of their lives.

The King and Court of Cambodia have been vaccinated. They now feel rather lymph.

"Burglar in a Blanket," reads a heading. He had a warm time.

Mr. Hunnable has been shut up, at last!

Some Curious Advertisements:—

"Superior Manservant (or otherwise), 35, single, requires indoor situation of private capacity; devotional elocutionist."

"Chester gentleman wishes to sell remainder of his family grave; two people buried in same; room for eight or nine; £9 or nearest offer."

"Matrimonial.—Benz (16 h.p.), modern, very fast, reliable; a bargain."

"What means that wild, that glassy stare, that shining patch where once grew hair, that halting gait, that haggard mien? You're short of ready cash, I ween; go to Blanks, Pawnbrokers, High Street, Cheltenham."

"Owing to ill-health, a machine manufactory and iron foundry to be sold; could be changed into joint-stock company." (Perhaps steel pills might restore the iron foundry to convalescence.)

"Cart mare having lost her foal, would be glad to hear of one."

"General servant wanted; 3 in family, little boy seven years, small house, no windows."

"What People are Reading.—Troppman.—Read my assassinations—celebrated crimes, police magazine, 20 cents."

"Gentleman for sale combined Governess and Ralli car, both rubber-tyred; £22 10s. each; cost double."

"Grimsby Almshouse, Weelsby St.—To let, widow, large family."

"Lady's Juvenile Cycle for sale; good condition; £2 10s."

"Literary Gentleman requires Resident Secretary; qualifications, British, shorthand-typist, over 6ft. and under 30."

"Stainer's 'Crucifiction' will be performed at St. Mary's Church on Good Friday evening."

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"LUCANA" CIGARETTES

A CIGARETTE OF GREAT MERIT

HARMLESS ON ACCOUNT OF ITS ABSOLUTE PURITY

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MADE IN
HIGHEST GRADE VIRGINIA CODE L.V ‡ SELECTED TURKISH LEAF* CODE L.T.

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MOTOR CARS ON EASY PAYMENTS.

	Cash Price.	Cash Down.	12 Monthly Instalments of
Aster Chassis, 18-22 h.p.	£200	£55 0 0	£14 3 0
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Dennis, 16-20 h.p.	150	41 5 0	10 16 7
Gladiator, 10-12 h.p.	60	16 10 0	4 6 9
Humber, 15 h.p.	200	55 0 0	14 3 0
Leader, 10 h.p.	125	34 7 6	9 0 6
Leon Bollee, 24-30 h.p.	200	55 0 0	14 3 0
Mercedes, 35 h.p.	450	122 15 0	32 0 9
Opel Darracq, 12-14 h.p. ...	120	33 0 0	8 13 3
Panhard 24-35 h.p.	350	96 2 6	24 18 10
Rex, 10 h.p.	50	13 15 0	3 12 3
Whitlock Aster, 16-22 h.p.	265	72 17 6	19 2 7

We can supply any make of car, new or second-hand, on the above system. We always have a large selection of second-hand cars in our showrooms in good running order, and a fair trial will be allowed.

BARGAIN ACCESSORY CATALOGUE.

A Great Saving to Buyers. Revolution in Prices.

We have a big demand for saleable Cars at the present time. Send particulars.

How to run a Motor Cheaply. Write for Free Book.
Post Free on mentioning JOHN BULL.

Call or Write the Manager,

The London and Paris Exchange Motor Agency, Ltd.,

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LONDON, W.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

OWING to the large demand, we have prepared another batch of picture postcards, and the Publisher will be pleased to forward a supply to readers upon receipt of stamped envelopes for postage.

"DISTRESSED" (Langdon Hills).—We are afraid there is no chance of the Editor's Divorce Bill getting through this Session. It will, however, be reintroduced next year.

L. V. (Hammersmith) takes up the cudgels on behalf of the Franco-British Exhibition, which it appears we recently described as a "sorry show." We take it back.

R. J. B. (London) calls our attention to a quack consumption cure advertised by C. H. Stevens, of 320, Broadway, Wimbledon, and wonders whether this is the same man who recently had to clear out of the Transvaal for endeavouring to foist a quack nostrum for Phthisis upon the public. We wonder.

T. B. (High Barnet) wishes to know whether it is a fact that the police on special duty during Barnet Fair are allowed 1s. a night for the purpose of finding "respectable lodgings" including all incidental expenses. We are sorry we are unable to give the information.

G. L. H. (Birmingham).—Wish you would write in black ink on paper.

F. S. (Hucknall).—We have already had a word with the Bishop *re* his motor car.

A. J. K. (Ilford).—Your case is a hard one, but what can we do?

F. B. G. (Nottingham) thinks Mr. Gamage is wrong in attributing the peculations of his staff to gambling and drink. He thinks it is due more to the rate of wages which shop assistants are paid. We have no reason, however, to believe that Mr. Gamage is a sweater.

F. H. K. (Edinburgh).—Thanks for interesting communication.

H. C. (Hull) wants us to give up our Advertisements, which he says he could read in the *Daily Mail* for a halfpenny. He does not, however, take into account what else he gets for his penny in JOHN BULL. He also wants to know when our wonderful competition scheme, which is to "knock Limericks into a cocked hat," is to be announced. He will not have to wait long.

A. M. W., Jnr.—You should communicate with the Emigration Department, Board of Trade, Whitehall.

H. C. B. (Ogman Vale).—The first report of the Public Trustee's Department will soon be due, and we had better wait till then. Sorry that we have overlooked your previous letters.

J. K. (Glasgow).—You will have seen the Archdeacon's reply.

H. W. (London).—Thanks for cutting from the *Sunday Times*, but surely "Magpie" is the last man in the world to pose as an authority upon finance.

G. C. (Dyffryn) tells us that JOHN BULL is preferred in Wales to any other pennyworth, and that the local postman translates it to the villagers. Gallant little Wales!

W. B. (Glasgow).—We have frequently explained that we are not entirely masters of the situation, but we reserve the right to remove any advertisement whenever a duly authenticated complaint reaches us. The business of the International Securities Corporation may have been illegal in view of the Lottery Acts, but we have yet to learn that it was fraudulent.

J. McL. (Dublin).—When and where did Mr. Lloyd George say that Protection must come to us?

"CHEERFUL IDIOT" (Brighton) hopes that the next time he visits London he will not catch L. E. F., the writer of our recent article on "Brighton," ending.

"THE VILLAGE CURATE" (Kingsbridge).—Sorry we cannot agree with you *re* the decision of the Lambeth Conference, but pleased you approve of our Open Letter *re* the Park Bands. We are always ready to give the Clergy credit for good work where we can, but our function is more to expose the black sheep.

L. C. (West Ealing).—Trust us to see that the worthy Archdeacon does not impose upon us—not that we think for a moment he would desire to do so. We note your prophetic opinion that the result of the experiment will be to give him Colleywobbles.

W. S. S. (North Finchley).—We will take heed of your warning, but as at present advised, we have no evidence of any power of mankind in the flesh "to hold intercourse with the Demon World." What *is* the Demon World and where does it live?

W. A. T. (Derby).—Thanks for cutting and for your explanation of the previous Biscuit to the Derby *Daily Telegraph*.

C. W. (Sheffield) asks whether it is a fact that the Church Army pays Trade Union rates of wages to its workers and keeps only six shillings a week out of such wages for maintenance. The answer is in the negative.

F. J. B. (Boscombe).—You evidently have not read the conditions of our Ballot Scheme. Numbers are not drawn until the lapse of a few weeks after the dates of the issues to which they refer.

"PRACTICAL" (Bayswater) wants a position as catering manager in London, having excellent references. We can only suggest that he should advertise in his trade papers.

E. S. (Plymouth) wants us to take up the question of the employment of quantity surveyors by the Admiralty. There seems something requiring investigation, and we will look into it.

"SOLDIER" (Dumfries) has a painting on glass, representing "The Marquis of Granby relieving the Distressed Soldier's Family," and would like to know whether it is of any value. That all depends upon the quality of the work—we are not experts in these matters.

M. J. C. (Roscommon) wants us to introduce legislation to prevent banks charging more than 5 per cent. interest. Is he after a loan?

A. A. S. (Paddington).—Your scheme would be illegal under the Lottery Acts.

A. C. (Hackney).—Glad you appreciate Dahle. We join with you in your good wishes for "Carnegie's" future success.

J. W. (Sunbury) sends us a postcard in Pitman's Shorthand, which we have read with pleasure. We thank him for his good wishes, but think his phrasing is a bit strained.

Hennessy please

A Sample

A sample "Erasmic" Shaving Stick, sufficient for 50 shaves, will be sent post free on receipt of 3 penny stamps.

The "ERASMIC" lather is most pleasant to apply; it is so pure, fragrant, and soothing to the skin, and DOES NOT DRY ON THE FACE. "Erasmic" is used by all discriminating shavers, who naturally prefer The British and Best article.

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The gift of free and unrestricted speech, the faculty of clear and uninterrupted utterance, the power to put thought into easy expression, is denied to those who stammer, and from both a business and social point of view, the infirmity seriously detracts from life's progress and happiness. Mr. Alfred Appelt, once an inveterate and apparently hopeless stammerer, has to-day regained perfect freedom of utterance, and has bestowed similar blessings on many fellow-sufferers.

He treats on entirely new lines, and has recently written a book on the subject entitled "The Stammerer's Guide," which should be read by all sufferers. The book is obtainable, post free, by writing to Mr. Alfred Appelt, Goldington Grange, Bedford.

After Shaving

Icilma Fluor Cream is the only cream to use, because it softens, cools and comforts the skin, and allays any irritation and soreness which the best razor is apt to cause. If used overnight

ICILMA FLUOR CREAM

makes the morning shave delightfully easy. Of all Chemists 1/-. Send 2d. for sample. ICILMA Co., Ltd. (Dept. 208), 14a, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.

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allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER? See Page 197.

A. W. (Southend).—You must really excuse us from reading through the leading article in the *Southend Telegraph*. We have a lot to do, and do not want to die before our pension age comes round.

A. J. H. (West Hendon) argues that we must tax foreigners' goods because they do not contribute to our taxes. That would be all right if foreigners paid the import dues. But to tax British consumers in order to spite foreign traders is not a very clever idea.

E. B. (Kennington) wishes to know whether it was Mr. Winston Churchill or his father who spoke disrespectfully of the Radical party. The answer is, "Both." Mr. Winston Churchill's chief contribution to the vocabulary being that "the Liberal party is a party of prigs." That however, was, of course, before he joined it.

P. H. (Leyton).—Sorry to hear of our hon. friend's misfortune. The Salvation Army has no right to parade the streets late at night with bands playing. You should write to the local "captain," requesting him to desist.

M. R. (Northampton) says our attitude on the Licensing Bill reminds him of what he calls "Dear Old Thomas Paine's remark to Edmund Burke, 'You pity the plumage and forget the dying bird.'" M. R. will, however, find the phrase in either "The Rights of Man" or "The Age of Reason."

B. T. (Swansea).—Thanks for reports of Ben Tillett's speeches. He's a fine fellow in many ways—all he wants now is a few months in the House.

"A Natalian" disapproves of our article about "the Bantam Cock Colony." He says that the Cape Colony Legislature was practically hand and glove with the Boers, and enabled them to secure the enormous amount of rolling stock of the C. J. Railway just at the outbreak of hostilities. He says the Natal Government encourages good marksmanship in every possible way; that a Natal Kaffir is a king in every way compared with a Cape one; that in Natal it is forbidden to serve a Kaffir with liquor, whereas at the Cape he can soak in it, for all the Government cares; and that Cape Kaffirs frequently sandbag white men, whereas in Natal the Kaffir police are "a credit to any country." Our correspondent is good enough to invite us to go out and explore Natal, but for the present we are quite comfortable at home. Thanks all the same!

E. V. (Fitzroy Square) sends us a report from the *Daily Mirror*, in which the Lord Chief Justice says: "I am only glad that you have to solve the question, and not *me*." Perhaps it was the reporter's mistake.

E. G. B. (London, S.W.).—We gather you consider fourteen days' imprisonment too little for stealing £6. But we do not know the prisoner's antecedents or any other details of the case. We agree with your disgust at the action of the L.C.C. in announcing that a band would play in Kennington Park on Sunday mornings, and then cancelling the arrangement to please the Vicar of a neighbouring church. You ask whether we do not wonder that there are more people in the park than in church on Sunday mornings. It rather depends upon the goodness of the proposed band.

"Broadminded Ernest" (Leeds).—Many thanks for all your compliments. We fear we cannot raise the price of the paper, but you can pay twopence for your copy if you like.

J. T. (Kirkstall) wants us to apologise to Lord Charles Beresford. What for?

"Helter-Skelter" (Leeds) sends us advertisements of two specialities with letters from Dorando stating that he used one while training and the other during the race. Our correspondent suggests that this may explain the Italian's failure. Too bad.

D. D. (St. Pancras Workhouse), having joined the Suffragettes, feels it her business to inform us that "the whole of these forces are now, it seems, to be mobilised—commercially in the dividend, religiously in a canter, medicinally empirically operative, and charitably in dividing the spoil all round—in short, a communism or convene that is to work out automatically as a perpetual and perfect motor. I have a word to say on this subject, but must delay it for next mail, as my male has just come in, and requires sorting." The further "word," consisting of four more closely written pages, has come to hand, alas! We note that man is a "criminal crawler," and that "in politics an old bookmaker like Ruskin might fool him." Our correspondent would have written more, but her "Suburb has just come in from the City." Thank goodness!

W. A. B. (Soho).—We do not know how, or why, or if "there is such a great likeness between many of our paragraphs and those in *London Opinion*"—unless, but never mind. Our correspondent "would like to visit some of the hospitals to entertain the patients with" his snakes. We should have thought that some patients see quite enough snakes as it is.

A. P. (Cork).—Glad that we, at any rate, approximate to your ideal. Thanks for information *re* unclaimed bank deposit. What a budget of cases we are collecting for next session! We have had some of that "hand-sewn man" already. It is a trade term.

R. H. (Balham).—Two most delectable biscuits. Send us some more.

G. A. O. B. B. (Bayswater).—You can get all particulars by searching at Somerset House, where you can obtain a copy of your mother's marriage certificate, and particulars of your father's death, &c., including the registration of your own birth. Don't worry. Marry the girl.

C. S. H. (Victoria Park).—We have given him a biscuit. Thanks.

L. H. B. (Birmingham).—Thanks for cutting. It is high time that we had a *Code Napoleon*, or something of the kind, for the guidance of the magisterial bench.

T. G. A. (Ilford) understands there is a fund somewhere available for loans to City men for one year, free of interest. We are delighted to hear it, and should like to know more about the matter.

J. T. (Carradale).—We will pass your recipe on to Mrs. Bull.

ROYAL MERCEDES MOTOR CARS
FOR HIRE.
THE PARK MOTOR CO., 216, Tottenham Court Rd., W.C.
Are the Original and Only firm supplying this type of car.
Numerous Testimonials from Royalty and others can be seen.
Telegrams: "Handleable, London." Telephone: 7555 and 7512 Gerrard.

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BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS

Growers of the Finest Tea the World can Produce.

NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.

NO QUALITY EQUAL TO LIPTONS.

Direct from the Tea Gardens to the Teapot.

Sole Proprietors of many of the most famous Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Estates in Ceylon, covering thousands of acres.

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BRANCHES & AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

LIPTONS TEA.
THE
LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

BILLY (Frome).—No one really knows who *did* run the original Marathon race. Perhaps there wasn't one, in fact. We'll give *Good Words* a biscuit.

"COMMERCE" (London).—If you refer to our Editor's speech on the Budget, you will see that he has already proposed a tax of a penny in the £ upon all wages and salaries paid by employers.

J. L. H. (Croydon) thinks that Mr. Churchill's recent speech threatening the Trade with increased taxation if the Lords do not pass the Licensing Bill, means political blackmail. Personally, we think it's all in the game.

J. E. B. (Glasgow).—"Tradesmen" is a generic term, which may include women. We often call a lady "Mr. Chairman."

S. J. N. (West Ealing).—Time the old chap got off the Bench, don't you think?

T. M. (Sheffield).—Thanks, but after the Report of the Police Commission, you know, nobody must say anything against the force.

T. J. M. (London).—There is much in what you say about soldiers being employed in the construction of the Nigerian railway, but, after all, they haven't much else to do out there, have they?

F. L. S. (Forest Gate).—Of course there are some splendid fellows among the clergy—God bless 'em—but that is no reason why we shouldn't show up the black sheep.

J. D. (Sunderland).—There is point in what you say. The better the day, the better the deed.

W. G. (Clapham).—She *must* be a *Dreadnought!*

R. A. W. (Cheshire).—Alas! we don't read Irish—we only drink it.

H. G. M. (London).—Thanks for interesting figures *re* unclaimed Canadian bank balances.

G. B. (Norwich).—You appear to have some cause for complaint—but we cannot take up every case. You should communicate with your local M.P.

J. T. (Wokingham).—We have done with the Purley Parson for the present.

E. D. B. (Malvern).—Thanks for cutting *re* the Renne case. We quite agree that it was not a very good advertisement for the Territorial Corps.

L. B. (London) suggests that we should name our colt by Hawfinch—Sweet Dixie, "Darkie's Singing" or "Coon Song." We must first, however, be satisfied that the animal warrants the expenditure of registering the name.

J. C. G. (Hollinwood).—We must have another word with "Adjutant" Gumbleton.

A. N. (London).—We note what you say about Bamborough, Ltd., and that they are a fairly well-known firm of chemists and druggists. If what you say is true, they ought to be.

"RIP" (Swansea).—Thanks for cutting, but we think we will give Swansea a rest.

A. H. E. (Holborn).—We will consider your suggestion.

W. F. (Devonport).—We are far from certain that a limited "split infinitive" is in every case unjustifiable.

A. H. (Penge).—Your best course is to write to your local M.P.

"BEARING" (Denmark Hill).—We are afraid we cannot assist you to exploit your patent.

W. K. (London).—The matter is entirely beyond our ken.

C. G. L. (London).—Our artist declines the biscuit and says that the crutch is all right.

R. G. G. writes us from Oschersleben a. d. Bode, to the effect that he thinks of trying his luck in Berlin next October, and asks what are the prospects of an English clerk there. Perhaps some of our readers can enlighten him.

H. G. B. (Birmingham).—Thanks for letter. We note what you say *re* the Colonial Office and the Dock Director.

B. F. (Finchley).—We take no responsibility for advertisers, but reserve the right to remove their announcements in the event of any authenticated complaints coming to our knowledge. Our first issue was dated June 9th, 1906. We have no special bindings for our journal.

A. L. C. (Haslemere).—There can be no harm in your joining the Navy League, but up to the present it has not done much good.

F. B. (Stourbridge).—We are afraid that the Licensing Bill will give you no protection, and agree that your position, as the owner of a free house with a home brewery, is an extremely hard one.

R. T. (Dennistoun) suggests a biscuit for the *Glasgow News* for stating that "Rameldry led throughout and won by three furlongs." He says he would not mind having a bit on Rameldry next time out, if this is right. Neither should we.

H. W. (Junior) Oldham).—We do not recommend a course of lessons at any of these so-called "schools."

A. E. F. (Tollington Park).—Thanks for interesting cutting. We will have a word with the rev. gentleman.

T. B. V. (Southampton) directs our attention to the subject of unpaid wages due to sailors of our mercantile marine. We are aware of the grievance, but cannot deal with everything at once.

W. J. P. (Birmingham).—The Rev. J. Adderley must be one of the new theologians if he imagines that the devil resides in Heaven. We thought the Right Hon. Gentleman had been ejected from that place long ago.

"NOVICE" (Hereford) alarms us by announcing, "My mother owns three large dark cellars." We feared we might have to send Jim Crow down to sample them, but it turns out that she only wants to find capital to grow mushrooms there. Here is an opportunity for speculators.

C. J. C. (West Norwood), E. H. S. (Catford), C. J. S. (Old Street), R. C. C. (South Shields), W. H. D. (London, S.W.), H. H. (Leeds), W. H. W. (Bow), H. S. S. (Otley), E. E. (Hove), E. S. (Partick), "HENLEY IN ARDUP," M. B. (Ipswich), W. S. (Bridgwater), T. C. G. S. (Cardiff), H. M. (Kingsland), W. A. S. (Paisley), S. T. D. (Birmingham), W. K. H. (Old Kent Road), W. H. G. (Forest Row), S. B. N. (Great Ormond Street), W. N. (Tottenham), "Iris" (Notts), G. A. T. (Bristol), J. W. (Oldham), F. G. (Tunbridge Wells), T. G. B. (Fife), "VILLAIN II." (Gillingham), J. B. E. (Glasgow), H. G. E. (Guildford), "JEMMY" (Ilford), E. H. (New Ross), J. A. C. (Bristol), W. E. G. (Barry), "Yorkshireman," J. M. B. (London, S.E.), E. B. A. (Hither Green), CAPTAIN G. H. G. (Junior Naval and Military Club), "PARADOX" (Alderley Edge), K.V., Rev. M. C. (Catterick), W. C. B. (Castle Eden), J. H. M. (Aldershot), E. D. (Claines), J. E. K. (Liverpool), A. P. (Birmingham), J. B. (Gateshead), J. C. Birkenhead), C. R. (Dublin), J. M. B. (Northampton), J. O. (Seacombe), J. F. (Manchester), W. S. (Cardiff), J. B. (Liverpool), D. W. C. L. (Woodford), "RUSKIN" (Eastbourne), G. H. (Norwich), H. A. (Devizes), E. P. (West Croydon), S. R. (Southend), D. G. (Gowerton), W. H. M. (Tufnell Park), F. M. (Birmingham), F. S. B. (Loughborough), Q. K. X. (Aberdeen), and W. P. (Sunderland). Thanks for tea and cakes.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lottage.

Fatal.

From experience I would urge my readers never to try to win their expenses when away on holidays.

Is it permissible?

I would also warn my readers against a smart dodge of commission agents, viz., setting out on their price-lists the *original* entry for a race day, after acceptance has been declared, and probably one half the nominations have declared forfeit. Be careful not to fall into the net under their conditions of "all in, run or not."

Seeking a berth.

W. Rollason, who did so well the short while he was riding for Hallick's stable, and is a consummate little horseman, is on the *qui vive* early for a retainer from a good steeplechase stable. The Records speak far more solidly than words in favour of Rollason, who should not be unsuccessful long in search of his quest.

An uncertain state.

Recent decisions in Court regarding betting are of desperate importance. In future it is clearly dangerous for either side to ask for time for payment, while the Sessions' conviction of a bookmaker receiving deposits in Holland looks like stopping all such Continental betting. Truly, with what is occurring in America and here, racing and betting are in a very bad way!

Our Grandest Sportsman.

Go where you will, travel through the lands that are ours, by conquest or discovery, Africa, India, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and everywhere, from rocky mountain crest to grass-covered valley, from mining camp to meadow land, in cities and in hamlets, or way-back stations, and in coastal villages, in log cabin or in splendid mansions, you will bear the tale oft told that the King's love of our old sports draws the bond of loyalty closer amongst our kin, and sportsmen say, "Long Live the King."

Prophetic.

Of course, Your Majesty will win the St. Leger, and if Billidere runs at Gatwick, he will win.

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For meaning of this number see Page 221.